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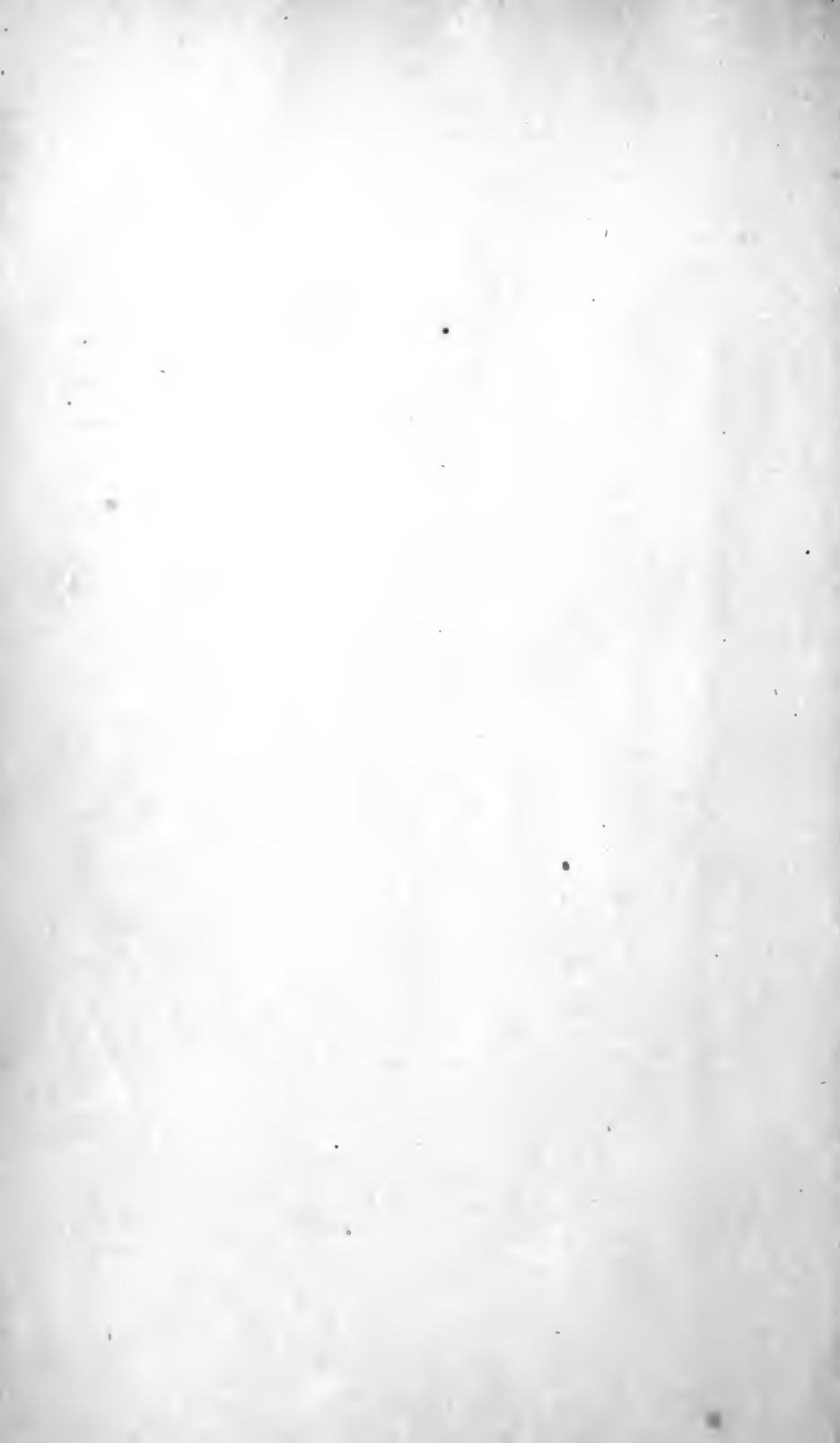
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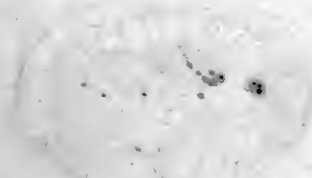






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# ITALIAN LEGENDS AND SKETCHES.

BY

*Jeremiah Williams D.*  
J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.,  
OF NEW YORK.



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**ITALIAN LEGENDS AND SKETCHES.**



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## P R E F A C E .

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THE following Legends and Sketches of Italy are drawn from reminiscences of study and travel in different parts of that beautiful country. They will be found to possess one merit at least, that of variety. The writer has written as he felt, and he treats his readers to a little information, a little description, a little piety, a little poetry, and even a little amusement. He has tried to furnish something easy to read, and yet, he hopes, not altogether unimproving.

Some of the Sketches have appeared before in the periodicals of the day, but most of the matter, even where it is not new, is published for the first time. The author hopes that his readers will enjoy the Italian excursion upon which he undertakes to act as their guide, treating them on the road to a number of tales, either true or as like truth as he could make them, and concludes with the augury of old-fashioned Italian prefaces: *Vivete felici*—May you be happy.

THE COMPANIES OF THE

THE CONSPIRATORS OF MILAN.

DATE FORWARDED BY MAIL

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

## THE CONSPIRATORS OF MILAN.

---

THE heavy clock of the Cathedral of Milan had not yet finished striking four, when in an adjacent street the passer-by might have beheld a large door tumultuously opened, from which a number of urchins with books under their arms, or in leathern satchels, rushed out with loud cries and peals of laughter. Some of them set off at a gallop towards their homes; others engaged in wrestling with their companions, or turned back to laugh at their old Pedagogue, who, with bare head and rod in hand, was standing in the doorway, and looked unusually cross even for a pedagogue. The eldest lad of the school, a tall youth of about seventeen, had alone remained within.

"They have all gone out, Master Nicholas," said he to the old teacher.

"Tandem aliquando!" growled Master Nicholas, spitefully reclosing the door. "I'd whip the bark off every one of them, as Apollo did with Marsyas."

"Oh, poor little imps," said the youth, "you take

extraordinary pleasure in treating them to the ferula."

"What! would'st thou too, Girolamo, bother me with this song?" and then grasping his rod, and inflicting repeated strokes upon some imaginary culprit before him, he muttered between his teeth, "I wish I had been ten times harder upon one whom I know."

"Patience yet awhile, Master, and your debt will be paid to him with a Jew's interest."

"Well said, my son! Keep up your courage, and foster those ripe principles which make a man of you before your time, yes, a man—a man! But there are those two knocking."

Master Nicholas went to open the door, smiling and bowing grotesquely to two young men who entered.

One of these, a tall and well-proportioned youth, whose proud and noble bearing even more than the fringed velvet cape which fell down to his waist, announced him to be of illustrious lineage, was Carlo Visconti.

His companion, Andrea Lampugnano, was the son of a wealthy tradesman, and with the haughtiness of his friend united a look expressive of dissipated habits, and rude, overbearing temper, which produced in his regard a rather unfavorable impression from his very first appearance.

"It is certain, then," said the pedagogue, continuing the conversation which they had opened, "that Galeazzo returns to-day."

"'Tis the general voice at court," said Carlo Visconti.

"I declare," cried the young Girolamò, "if we had known it, we might have lain in ambuscade for him on the road."

"A fig for your ambuscades!" exclaimed Lampugnano. "You will have a fair opportunity, young man, to show your courage on Christmas-day, and to make it appear whether old Montano's confidence in you be displaced or not."

"Never doubt him for that," said Old Nicholas.

"Vincit amor patriæ . . . ."

"Laudumque immensa cupido," said the youth, smartly concluding the quotation. "I assure you I am tired of waiting."

"Yes, Christmas-day!" said Carlo Visconti, "and it will be seen whether Milan, for whose sake my immortal father spent his life and blood, is to be any longer the theatre of the infamies and tyranny of an upstart Sforza! The people, I am sure, will bless us for the bold stroke, which every true man in the city fears to deal, but would be proud to have dealt."

"I tell thee, Carlo," said Lampugnano, "it makes my blood boil to hear mention the name of that brutal Galeazzo. Would you believe that no later than yesterday a letter addressed to him, wherein I begged permission to occupy that field of mine which the Bishop of Como claims for the Church, was returned with a reply that the Duke, forsooth,

could not dispose of ecclesiastical property. Such an answer to me who have exposed my life to keep him in possession of his pilfered Seignory! He scruples not to lay his hands on the chattels of the Church, aye! and upon the sacred persons of her priests, when it suits his avarice or his revenge to do so."

"You have both been wronged by the unjust oppressor," said Master Nicholas with a long-drawn sigh. "Grievously wronged!" said Master Nicholas, as he gave forth the sigh in a second edition.

These tokens of inward grief, however, were attributed to his own sorrowful reminiscences rather than to the wrongs of his friends. When Galeazzo was raised to the Ducal Throne, Master Nicholas Montano, who had formerly been his preceptor, was one of the first to appear in his most proper raiment to congratulate the new Signor. He had carefully combed his long grizzly locks that day, a Sunday-morning smile beamed upon his lips, and he had even prepared a pleasing surprise for the Prince in the shape of a dozen Latin hexameters on his exaltation, which he intended to declaim in his presence. But the impressions of early childhood are not easily obliterated, and the hatred Galeazzo had formerly borne the dry old pedagogue, was the first feeling which awoke at his sudden reappearance after so long a time. Galeazzo, like other young men of those days, was prone to act upon first impressions. Impulse was his guide, and although he



was sometimes known to think after he had acted, he very rarely reflected beforehand. As Master Nicholas once said of him, he was like Homer in one respect, for he rushed immediately "in medias res."

"How does that old Satyr dare to present himself here?" said the Duke, as old Nicholas went on bowing and scraping, with his look and his smile riveted upon the Ducal person. "By Jove! I remember how often he used to curry my back for me when I was a schoolboy;" and turning to one of the sturdy bravos who always surrounded him—"Do you think, Sparrow-hawk," said he, "that it would be anything but fair to give the old sinner his due, and settle accounts with him now?"

"Settle him now, of course," answered the rufian, laying his hand upon his dagger; "only say the word, master, and he shall never intrude his ugly face upon you again."

"Pooh!" said the Prince, "give him a few lashes on the buttocks and let him go."

Before the thunder-struck schoolmaster could open his lips to utter a word of self-defence, he was dragged out into an adjoining court by two or three men-at-arms. Sparrow-hawk undid his leathern sword-belt, and began to apply the end on which was the buckle to the unprotected seat-of-honor of the man of letters. One of the sturdy myrmidons took out a greasy Santa-Croce, or primer, and repeated a letter of the alphabet at every stroke,

until poor Master Nicholas was whipped from A to Z, much more impressively than any of his boys had ever been under the magisterial hand. His bellowing, every time the strap came down, was heard in the presence-chamber, and afforded infinite mirth to Galeazzo and his worthy associates.

The injury inflicted upon him by his old school-boy sank deep into the heart of the pedagogue, but afraid of the Prince, he dared not give vent to his anger, or mention his desire of revenge, except in secret with his young friend Girolamo Olgiato, and the owner of the school-room, Andrea Lampugnano, whom he knew to be an enemy to the Duke, from motives of private interest. The old man suddenly recollected that he had thought Galeazzo, from when he was a boy, destined to be the ruin of his country. So strongly did he fire the mind of Girolamo with descriptions of the former prosperity and happiness of Milan, and with glowing declamation upon the glory of those who had delivered Rome from her tyrants, that the light-headed youth often declared his readiness to make a Cæsar of Galeazzo, if an opportunity should present itself of emulating the fame of Brutus.

Lampugnano's desire of revenge did not die away in empty boasting. He artfully succeeded in gaining the heart of Carlo Visconti, who was a page in the Ducal Court, a high-souled youth, but whose amiable and confiding disposition was easily overcome by the passionate appeals of his friend, who

upbraided him with the former glory of his family, and his own sleepy inactivity. Had these young men kept their machinations afoot for a considerable length of time, their ardor probably would have gradually subsided, they would have been deterred from any overt attempt against their Prince by the danger of the act, or their secret would have been divulged by increasing the number of conspirators. Old Nicholas knew enough of the human heart to understand all this, and urged on by these considerations and his own burning desire for revenge, he had scarcely succeeded in reconciling the young men to the plausibility of an attempt against the Prince, when he dragged them at once into action by a sworn agreement that they would attack Galeazzo the first time he came to Milan. He was then at some distance from the city, in the winter-quarters of the army of his little state.

Suddenly after the above-mentioned determination, it was rumored that he would soon return to the city, where he intended to be present, with all his household, at the festivities of Christmas. The conspirators assembled forthwith, and it was resolved that as no other opportunity would probably offer for a considerable time, they would rush upon the Duke, and deliver the city from his oppression, as he entered the Church of St. Stephen to attend High Mass on Christmas morning. This ancient and venerated dome had been arrayed with tasteful magnificence for the reception of the Prince, and the

unusual solemnity of the functions of that Christmas-tide were likely to draw together a great multitude of people.

"It is enough if we give the signal," said Carlo, "and all Milan will rise up in vengeance against the tyrant."

"Especially," said Master Nicholas, "if they behold such a bright example given by a member of the illustrious house of Visconti."

"Whether they rise or not," said the ferocious Lampugnano, "if I can but approach him, and my good steel do not fail for the first time, the Christmas of 1476 will be the last one celebrated by Galeazzo Sforza."

Young Girolamo felt as big as a hero, and was just opening his mouth to utter some high-flown sentiment, when the sound of a trumpet, and almost simultaneously the trampling of horses, was heard in the street. The three young men ran to open the large window of the school-room, which out of respect to a female convent on the opposite side of the way, was screened with a high jalousie-blind, so that they could see through it without being observed from the street.

The noise was occasioned by a cavalcade of knights and gentlemen who accompanied the Signor of Milan on his return to the city. The sight of the haughty Lord passing on, so near them, proudly mounted on a richly-caparisoned steed, and in high spirits, served not a little to inflame the ha-

tered borne him by our heroes. Carlo saw in him the usurper of a state that belonged to his family. Girolamo a tyrant, the removal of whom would gain him merit before God, and the fame of a Brutus in the eyes of the world—as Master Nicholas had taught him to believe. Lampugnano a prince, the downfall of whom would enable him to pay his numerous debts, and change his present untoward circumstances for the better. As for Master Nicholas, he thought of his slighted hexameters, and of the strokes inflicted on their author, and his soul waxed fierce within him while gazing at the prince. He imagined himself suddenly leaping from the window, running up to him, dragging him by the leg from horseback, and while he pierced him to the soul, crying out, “*nunc morere*”—with the rest of a passionate quotation from Virgil. While the four worthies are giving vent to the expression of their indignation, and mutually inflaming their minds against Galeazzo, it will be but just to give the reader a short account of that personage, taken from the most venerable chronicles of his age.

Galeazzo Sforza was the son of Francesco Sforza, one of the most famous generals of his time, who, by his extraordinary valor and unshrinking perseverance, had succeeded in raising himself from the lowest rank of society to the command of the forces of the commonwealth of Milan. Some years past, during which the power of his adherents and the

fame of his exploits augmented, he was installed in the ducal chair of that ancient and powerful city. When Francesco died Galeazzo was in France, but his mother, Bianca, despatched a messenger to him with the utmost haste, informing him of the event, and pressing him to return speedily to Milan. Galeazzo departed immediately for his native land. One of the petty signors, who, in those days, were perpetually on the look-out for adventures which might increase their fame or replenish their coffers, gave chase to this fat bird of passage, who with the greatest difficulty, and only by frequently changing his assumed garb, escaped being taken, and got in safety over the borders. He passed in disguise and alone through the frontier cities of Lombardy, but soon after made a triumphant entry into Milan. The city had been kept quiet and peaceable by the prudence of Bianca, and obeisance was made without reluctance to Galeazzo as their liege lord by the nobles and the people.

Galeazzo was young and brave, and of a noble appearance, adorned with every attribute of manly beauty. But his people soon ceased to like him on account of his eccentricities, which finally ended in positive tyranny. He forsook the path pointed out to him by the example of his wise and heroic father, and by his profligacy and cruelty became the curse of his country and the detestation of his subjects. This circumstance gave confidence to the conspirators, who separated with the firm resolution of ac-

completing their rash designs or perishing in the attempt. . . . .

It was Christmas morning. The wide square before the Church of St. Stephen, as well as the interior of the sacred edifice, was crowded with people. The priests robed in their most costly vestments stood in the sanctuary ready to begin the solemn rites of high mass; and from the balustrades of the sanctuary, the men on the right hand, and the women on the left, extended in two long columns down to the main door, which was wide open in expectation of the Duke. He soon arrived in the midst of a splendid retinue, and with his habitual airiness and levity was now skipping up the steps, and just on the point of entering the church.

It caused a general titter amongst the nobles who preceded the Duke, to see Andrea Lampugnano come out to meet them, with a letter in his hand, begging them to make way for him, as he wished to present it to Galeazzo. It is quite usual for the people in Italy, even in our day, to present petitions to Princes and Prelates on such solemn occasions as these, when they are on foot, and can be approached and spoken to even by the poor. Hence the motion of Lampugnano in an ordinary person would have occasioned no surprise. - But it caused, as we have said, a general sensation amongst the nobles and officials to see him in the attitude of a petitioner. Turning to one another, they said, with an undisguised laugh: "There is that odd fish Andrea, with

his old complaint against the Bishop of Como." They hastened to open a pass for him, and every eye was turned to the Duke, who, it was expected, would indulge, according to his wont, in some sarcastic remark at the expense of Andrea, or make him look more foolish still, by unceremoniously pushing him out of the way. But what was the terror and dismay of the multitude, when, beholding Lampugnano, with his left hand, toss the folds of his long velvet cape over his shoulder, his right arm rose in the air, and a dagger gleamed upon their sight! With the rapidity of lightning, it descended with dreadful force upon the Prince, and deeply pierced his breast. The assassin aimed another stroke at his temple, and almost simultaneously Carlo Visconti and Girolamo Olgiato assailed him from behind. A general uproar and tumult arose amongst the people, the boldest of whom, guided by their first impulse of humanity, notwithstanding the general hatred towards him, rushed to the rescue of the Duke. But before assistance could be given, and in spite of his own noble efforts, overpowered, and pierced with wounds, the unfortunate Duke fell heavily to the ground. Ripeo, a veteran follower of Galeazzo's father, upon seeing his youthful master wounded, drew his sword and attacked Lampugnano, who, intimidated by the general rise against him, made an attempt to escape by casting himself in the midst of the terrified crowd of females, and endeavoring to gain the side door of the church. He dealt, however, in retreating, a



blow of such desperate weight at Ripeo, that the whole church swam around before the old soldier's bewildered senses, and staggering backwards, he became wholly unable to pursue the fugitive. At this critical moment, an Ethiopian named Gallo, whom the Duke had redeemed from slavery, threw himself on the assassin, who was already wounded, and succeeded in despatching him. The people had rushed to the doors, and the church was soon empty. The Priests, coming down from the altar, closed the doors, and found three dead bodies on the pavement: that of Duke Galeazzo, by whose side lay the faithful Ripeo, and at some distance Lampugnano, grappling the cold stones with his nails and teeth. Carlo Visconti and Girolamo Olgiato had been fortunate enough to abscond amidst the frightened multitude, and by passing rapidly along the most unfrequented streets in the early part of the fray, succeeded in reaching the gates and effecting their escape from the city. But, taken a few days afterwards, they were condemned to be quartered alive. It was found impossible to induce the young Girolamo to repent of the part he had taken in the assassination of his Prince. He persisted in saying that his act was such as to merit a reward from heaven, and undying praise upon earth. While in prison, the day before his execution, he wrote a short Latin poem, which has been preserved, on the "Uncertain Power of Tyrants." As for Master Nicholas, he had taken good care not to get so near the

scene of action as to preclude escape in case of any sinister occurrence, and the instant he perceived that the multitude did not side with his associates, he scud away with the swiftness of the deer, and did not stop until he had left the walls of Milan far behind him. As it came to be known, however, that he had poisoned the mind of Girolamo, and had been the cause of the false heroism of that unhappy youth, he was sought after with particular diligence. Some Florentine soldiers, belonging to Lorenzo de' Medici, finally discovered him as he lay ensconced at a considerable distance off in the mountains. He was brought back to Milan, and hung by the neck as a traitor.

The death of Galeazzo Sforza was the cause of great troubles in the Duchy, for as he had left an only son, eight years of age, the most fatal dissensions ensued for the succession, in which several Italian Princes and Commonwealths took sides.

All and the whole of which veritable narration is an important lesson for the potentates of this world, who vainly hope to reign in peace, if they do not secure the affection of their subjects by the impartial administration of justice; and a warning to schoolmasters, who may one day bitterly regret both having instilled wrong principles into the minds of their scholars, and having applied the magisterial rod to their backs at the impulse of spite and passion.

## THE LAST GRAND MASTER OF MALTA.

THE FIRST GRAND BATTLE OF  
ATLANTA

M

1107-1118

## THE LAST GRAND MASTER OF MALTA.

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“**M**A foi, tant pis pour vous. The beaten fare badly, is my motto.”

“But what will all Europe say when it reads an absolute renunciation of all claims on Malta, Gozo, and Comino, made by our Order, almost without resistance?”

“And what, pray, has your Order done for France, that I should seek to guard its honor and its interests? You are the secret allies of England and the open friends of Russia, and you have denied water to our fleet, when we had no other port at hand that could relieve our wants.”

“But, General”—the rest of the reply was cut short by a deep sigh.

“Come, come, my good friend,” said the General, “Malta is now in the hands of the French Republic, and nobody can wrest it from them. You, at all events, have no reason to consider yourself ill-treated. Look at article 2d. ‘A pension of three

hundred thousand francs a year, not to cease unless it be replaced by a duchy in Germany.' ”

The speaker at these words placed the point of his fore-finger on a parchment that lay open before him, and raised his eyes to those of his interlocutor.

This conversation was carried on in the Parisio palace at Valetta, the capital of the Island of Malta, on the 16th of June, 1798. The speakers, two military personages of high rank, were seated at a table covered with papers and documents, among which the parchments under discussion. One was dressed in the uniform of a General of the Republic of France; his cocked hat mounted with the tricolored cockade, was on the floor near his chair. His hair was black, and combed straight down to his forehead, his eyes dark and piercing, his lips firmly compressed, his form short and muscular, his movements quick and determined, almost angry in their imperiousness. The other was a tall German Knight, with blue eyes, fair skin, and rosy cheeks, an anxious, unsettled, and timid gaze. He wore the robe of St. John, and his breast was adorned with the Grand Cross of the Order.

Their colloquy was now ended by the signing of two copies of a written agreement to which they affixed their names as follows: signed: “Br. Ferdinand de Hompesch, G. M. of the Order of St. John.” Signed “Bonaparte.” The Grand Master now rose, and was courteously escorted by the General to the door, where he took his leave.

The Grand Master wended his way slowly along the strada reale, and having reached the esplanade in front of the great church of St. John, he dismissed his attendants, who retired to the Hostelry or Palace of the Grand Master, while Hompesch ascended the steps leading to the church. Twilight was now spreading its grey wings over the city, his troubled soul needed the quietness and solitude of the hour. Leaning against a pilaster of the façade, he cast his eyes upon the city. On his right hand lay the Grand Porto, bristling with towers and fortifications, which had withstood all the power of the East for well nigh three centuries. The broad bastions of La Cottonera and Vittoriosa seemed to protect the bay against any incursion from the land, while the battlemented rocks and promontories of Corradino, Senglea, and Bighi, guarded the land against any approach from the bay. On the left hand side stretched the great harbor of Marsamuscetto, the quarantine and lazaretto grounds of the island. Here also every point of ground was manned with a strong tower, and every indentation ended against a broad bastion. Between these two bays runs out to sea the tongue of land upon which stands Valetta. The extreme point is guarded by an impregnable fort, on whose summit blazes a light-house for miles out to sea. The extreme points of the shore facing the lantern on the right and left, are crowned in like manner by giant forts. On the side of the Grand Porto stands Fort Ricasoli, on the side of the Porto

di Quarantena or Marsamuscetto, stands Fort Tinnier. Nearer at hand, scattered here and there among the houses of the natives of the island, were the splendid hostelries of Castile, France, Aragon, Auvergne, Provence, Italy, England, and Germany, the abodes of the Knights of the different tongues or countries.

This fair and famous city, this whole island with the neighboring islands of Gozo and Comino, all these haughty knights of every nation, all these fortifications down to curtain and fosse, scarp and ravelin, had been subject to his command up to the present day. To-morrow's sun would behold him without power, and all this subject to another master. "Still all is not lost; three hundred thousand francs a year or a dukedom in Germany is something to be considered," quoth the Grand Master. "But will not all Europe spurn me as a traitor or at best a coward?"

The Grand Master could find no satisfactory answer to this serious question. The blood mounted to his cheeks and mantled his throbbing temples. He shut his eyes convulsively to banish the hateful thought, and buried his face in his hands. How long his sad and painful reverie lasted the Knight was unable to explain, nor could he account for his manner of entering the church. He found himself, however, kneeling not far from the door of the subterranean chapel which contains the tombs of the Grand Masters of the Order. As he gazed down



the gloomy stairway leading from the church to the vault, he perceived a dim spark of light, which gradually quickened into life, and grew larger and brighter, shedding around a blue and ill-omened gleam. By this light he saw a confused sparkling of helmets and shields, swords and spurs, and then a group of Knights of St. John, who moved up one after the other from the vault and marched towards the wicket of the railing before the grand altar. He observed that every Knight wore the insignia of a Grand Master, and as they passed into the sanctuary he recognised distinctly the features of Nicholas Cottoner, Manoel de Villhena, Lisle Adam, Pinto, Zondadari, and the great Lavallette, whose appearance was identical with the statues or painted portraits on the monuments in the aisles of the church.

Suddenly a report of all the cannon in the hundred and one forts of the island burst upon his ear with a deafening crash. The church was lit up with a blaze of light from a thousand torches, showing distinctly the smallest emblems and gilded lines along its richly painted sides and ceiling, and the tinted panes of its storied windows, and even the inscriptions on the tombs of marble and bronze. The whole nave of the church is paved with the tomb-stones of Knights of the Order. Each slab now trembled, flashed, and blew open, and from each started up a warrior. The whole space was filled with the sparkling armor, and the nodding plumes of the dead come to life again. A Knight

in the armor of Auvergne marched up the middle aisle and unfolded the grand gonfalon of the Order in front of the altar, and at his side stood pages bearing the well known "sword of Religion," that which Philip II. had bestowed upon the great Lavallette. A peal of martial music welcomed the standard of St. John, victorious in many a hard-fought battle, and clouds of incense curled around it and rose towards the ceiling, filling the church with a grateful odor.

At the foot of the altar stood a bishop, arrayed in full pontificals, supported by deacons, sub-deacons, and the ranks of the minor clergy. Every one knelt as the venerable prelate made the sign of the cross, and began to recite the "Introit," all joining in the responses, while the "Kyrie eleison" was intoned from the gallery at the end of the church, and the full harmonious peal of the organ accompanied its majestic notes. The "Gloria in excelsis" and "Credo in unum Deum," were intoned at the altar and sung in turn by the choir. High mass went on with all the majestic rites and ceremonies of the Roman Pontifical. The deacon, at its end, turned to the people and chanted "Ite missa est," and the bishop having bowed and kissed the altar, assumed the mitre, and turning, crozier in hand, to the warlike congregation, he gave them his benediction in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The last gospel was read, and as the bishop pronounced the words, "Verbum caro factum

est," every knee was bent to the ground, and high mass was over.

The bishop was now conducted to his throne, and disrobed of the brilliant vestments he had worn while officiating at mass. He laid aside his mitre, sparkling with gold and precious stones, and put on a plain white one without ornaments, such as is used in seasons of penance, or in masses of requiem for the dead. He was clad with a cope of dark purple, and sat without speaking on the faldistorium or episcopal chair.

The deacon, who was a priest of the order of St. John, now stood before the bishop and said: "Most Illustrious and Reverend Lord, the Knights of the Order of St. John here present ask you, whether it is pleasing to you that the chair of honor of this chapter be filled?"

The Bishop answered—"Placet." The master of ceremonies and two pursuivants in complete armor, approached the terrified Hompesch in the corner where he knelt, and led him into the midst of the ghostly assembly. As it is usual on entering the choir, he bowed to the bishop and to the assembled knights, turning first to the left and then to the right. His greeting was not noticed, and every eye was bent to the ground. He was conducted to the stall of the Grand Master, which no one had occupied during mass, and thus filled the most conspicuous seat in that august assembly, next to the episcopal chair. The well-known form of the Grand Mas-

ter Pinto, the immediate predecessor in office of Hompesch, now glided to the middle of the choir. While he spoke a dead silence reigned throughout the assembly, and the lights seemed to burn blue. "I hereby do solemnly impeach Ferdinand de Hompesch as a false traitor of the honor of God, and the weal of the Order of Knights Hospitallers, which he solemnly swore to uphold, and I ask that the sentence he deserves be passed upon him in this noble assembly of his brethren and predecessors in office."

The unhappy knight trembled from head to foot, and when solemnly interrogated by the bishop, what he had to say in his defence, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, he could not utter a word. The bishop now arose: "In accordance with the canons of the Church, and the constitution of the Order of St. John, it is decreed, if it please the chapter, that Ferdinand Hompesch, as a recreant knight and a false traitor, be degraded from Knighthood." All answered, "Fiat! fiat! fiat!"

Though no confusion ensued, some questions were now asked, and were briefly answered by the bishop, but the luckless knight was unable to discern by which of the ghostly Hospitallers those questions were put.

What he was able to hear of these questions and answers ran thus:

"What shall become of the filthy lucre for which he sold our island to the stranger?"

"He shall never touch it."

“What of the German Principality, the further and fouler bribe?”

“He shall never possess it.”

“What of the right of ownership transferred by him to the French Commander?”

“It shall pass from the French soldier to a British sailor.”

“What price shall England pay for the island which she thus wrests from the Commander of the French?”

*“She shall give him another island in return for this.”*

Three of the spectre knights now went up to the trembling Hompesch; one of them was Lavallette. Seizing him by both arms, they led him outside of the sanctuary rail. Here one of them tore from his neck the grand cross of St. John, the second unbuckled his sword and took it from his waist, while Lavallette, unsheathing his own historic blade, struck off from his heels the spurs of knighthood.

Overwhelmed with a sense of utter shame and hopeless misery, the degraded Grand Master covered his face with his hands. When he dared to breathe and look up again, he found himself leaning against a pilaster in front of the Church of St. John, which was dark and silent as the tomb, amid the deepening shades of night.

Two days after, Ferdinand Hompesch was put on board a vessel bound for Trieste, and left Malta never more to return. He was forced to sign a

resignation of his title of Grand Master of the Order of Knights Hospitallers, which was assumed by the schismatic Paul I., Emperor of Russia.

He made many useless efforts to obtain the money promised him in the name of the French Republic, and finally died poor and despised in Montpellier.

Shortly after his departure a British fleet, commanded by Lord Admiral Nelson, entered the port of Valetta. The tri-colored flag of the Jacobins was struck, and the Union Jack has floated ever since over the castles and palaces of Malta, Gozo, and Comino.

*The Sword of Religion* was hung up as a curiosity in one of the museums of Paris, and he who hung it there perished on a rocky island of the Indian Ocean, prepared for his reception by the hospitality of the Parliament of Great Britain.

## REMINISCENCES OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

RECEIVED  
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## REMINISCENCES OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

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THE writer of this sketch was seated in the shadow of the great colonnade on the morning of the memorable 26th of June, 1839, when the grand procession which began the august ceremonies of Liguori's canonization came forth from the eastern door of the Vatican. The way was covered with yellow sand, strewn with laurel and boxwood, and the countless flowers of the season; and the massive pillars on each side were hung with damask and gold cloth, or festooned with graceful wreaths of evergreen. The hymn of praise soared to heaven, swelled at first by the clear silvery voices of the youth of the sanctuary clad in snow-white surplices, emblematic of the purity of their hearts, and then by the manlier tones of the sons of many and many a religious brotherhood, whose penitential garb showed the austere discipline and attested the remote antiquity of their several institutions. Then followed the students of the foreign colleges, and

the chapters of the venerable clergy of Rome, marshalled under the standards of those ancient basilicas where Constantine and Helena knelt in prayer, where Leo and Gregory expounded the saving word. Hundreds had swept gracefully by clad in the robes of their station or office, when the towering Gonfalon came in view, on which a master hand had painted the humble Liguori in the attitude of prayer. It was followed by ninety-seven bishops, and forty-seven cardinals, and the high priest of the Christian church—the venerable Gregory XVI. surrounded by all the state and splendor of the Roman court. The scene at this point was enlivened by festive peals of martial music, issuing from the mass of infantry and cavalry that closed the procession.

The crowd of people who flocked together in the great Church of St. Peter, and far and near around it on this occasion, well nigh defies calculation. In Rome few stayed at home during the hours of the ceremony, unless children, the old and infirm, their attendants, and those inmates of the cloister whose rules did not allow of their appearing abroad. Supposing all these to have been seventy-five thousand, we have over one hundred thousand left who were free to attend if they would, and all these pressed towards the centre of attraction. The night before the ceremony a room could not be had for love or money, and the police reported present in the city sixty thousand strangers. In addition to all these, long columns of men and women, from every town,

village, and hamlet, in the neighborhood of Rome, poured down from the mountains and across the level campagna on the morning of the great festival. Many of these "paesani" had started long before sunrise, and were headed by priests and friars chanting the Rosary, or Italian hymns, all joining in the responses. They poured in through every gate of the city, and drew together on the vast esplanade in front of St. Peter's. Here they reposed and refreshed themselves while the ceremonies inside the church were being brought to a close, and then knelt devoutly at the solemn benediction of the Pope, to receive which was the object of their pilgrimage. They took up then their line of march back to the hills of Frascati, Albano, Palestrina, Sabina, and Umbria, with supreme independence, and generally without even entering the church. . . . .

In the midst of this immense assemblage there was one person who excited great interest in every beholder. He had been chosen, as a special distinction, to bear the silken tassel of a cord which hung from the lofty standard on which was painted the new Saint, Alphonsus. He was a grey-haired old man, there was no effort at stateliness in his gait, his eyes were turned to the ground, and down his cheeks streamed tears he was unable to restrain. That old man was the Chevalier Liguori, nephew to the Saint. He had often been caressed by him when a child, had listened to instruction from his

lips, and had been confirmed by his hands, and he now lived to take part in the solemnities of his exaltation to the honors of the Catholic altar, of his election to be a father and patron of the Christian world. Happy old man! What conflicting emotions must have filled his heart at that hour! How fervently he must have prayed to the Saint and craved his intercession, no longer in the silent communings of his own heart, but in unison with the joyful hymns of the infallible Church of God.

The triumphal standard of Liguori was followed by four others sacred to four Christian heroes, one of whom was St. Francis di Geronimo, of the Society of Jesus, justly styled the Apostle of Naples; for that city was sanctified by the splendor of his virtues, and the labors of his untiring zeal. St. Francis was distinguished by the gift of miracles and prophecy. He was an old man when the mother of Alphonsus brought her infant son to him, that he might give him his blessing. He did so with great tenderness, and turning to the lady: "This child," said he, "will live to a good old age, for he will reach his ninetieth year. He will be a Bishop, and the Lord will do great things through his means." Did the holy man see unveiled before his mystic vision the splendor of the sacred rites that were to honor their joint memories on the same day, amid the pious joy of generations yet unborn?

It was a noble and generous resolution that led

the Saint to embrace the priesthood, with all its toils and sufferings, its cares and its joys.

Gifted with a pleasing exterior, an amiable disposition, acknowledged abilities, an admired taste for music and poetry, winning manners, and the spirit and liveliness which mark the high-born youth of Naples, the young nobleman had before him every prospect of a brilliant career in the world. He obeyed his father's wishes in the choice of a profession, and graduated with honor as a Doctor of Laws. His fine talents, his devotion to study, and his personal integrity, soon made him known to the public and gained him both practice and reputation. He was about twenty-five when a lawsuit between two princes on a question of feudal rights attracted considerable attention in the Neapolitan Courts, and the young attorney was chosen for counsel by one of the contending parties. This case was by far the most important yet entrusted to his care, and weighty interests were at stake in its result. He studied closely for a whole month, and came into Court ready at all points for trial. The merits of the case and the reputation of the lawyers retained, by different parties interested, had drawn together large numbers of the profession, and a crowd of nobles and citizens. The young pleader spoke with an earnestness that showed his heart was in his work. He had carefully examined the voluminous documentary evidence naturally connected with an old-fashioned lawsuit upon a question of tenure and pro-

prietorship, and he was so learned and so lucid in bringing forward and arranging his authorities, that he was evidently producing upon the Court the same effect his eloquence had already produced upon outsiders. The presiding Judge, who took a paternal interest in young Liguori, secretly rejoiced at the victory his young friend seemed sure to gain. The justness and point of his argument had been unmistakable, and the eloquent young advocate, while pressing home its obvious conclusions, took care not to cumber and obscure it with side issues of irrelevancy or minor importance. A murmur of applause ran through the hall when he sat down. The opposite counsel was now on his feet, but the general impression seemed to be that he could have little indeed that was sensible to bring forward in reply. He did not open a debate, but coolly pointing to the papers which lay scattered around, he begged his eloquent and learned friend to examine somewhat more closely a passage in one of the deeds. The piece alluded to was a document upon which his argument had been mainly based, and Alphonsus turned without hesitation to the passage in point, with the confidence of a man who had previously given it his serious attention. His opponent eyed him closely, and in spite of his good breeding, and the punctilious decorum of Courts in olden times, his face was radiant with a smile of triumph. Alphonsus read, and as he read he grew ashy pale. Strange as it may seem, in the intense application

with which he had pored time and again over that deed, he had failed to notice the two simple letters of the monosyllable "*No!*" He had dwelt upon the passage with such eagerness in his harangue, that his less interested opponent had noticed in his quotation the omission of the negative particle. The two unnoticed letters were now the only ones visible to the unhappy young lawyer. The fatal negative seemed to be written in flame, and seared his very eyeballs. The thought shot through his mind that the whole fabric of his defence was tumbled to the ground, his merit reduced to ridiculous insignificance, the case lost to his client, his personal character dishonored, and he himself placed before the Court and the public in the light of a knave or a fool. These reflections occupied but an instant, during which the young man nearly fainted. For a few moments there was a scene in that dignified old court. The confusion and dismay of Alphonsus was so unaffected that all suspicion adverse to his honesty vanished at once from every mind. The presiding Judge endeavored kindly to raise his spirits, so suddenly and hopelessly crushed. He bore public witness to his integrity and ability, and assured him that misapprehensions like his were not of unfrequent occurrence, in spite of every precaution and long experience at the bar. The unlucky youth trembled from head to foot, and stammered out, "I have been deceived—pardon me—the fault is mine," and left the hall. As he went down

stairs towards the street-door, he was heard to exclaim, with emotion, "World, treacherous world! I have found out what thou art. I am not fit for thee!" When he reached his rooms, he shut himself up, and gave vent to his long suppressed feelings in a torrent of tears. He passed three days in this dreadful solitude without admitting a visitor, or partaking of any nourishment. The evil spirit who tempted the Son of Man in the desert, must have sorely straitened the bruised heart of Alphonsus. But the promptings of human respect, and ambition, and pride, and despair, and every other selfish passion were nobly and successfully driven back. His reflections were not those of a disappointed man of the world, but those rather of a Christian from whose eyes a veil is suddenly withdrawn. His hours of retirement were spent at the foot of the Crucifix, and his plans for the future were irrevocably formed. The faithfulness with which he kept his vow, then taken, to serve God, and Him alone, forms part of the history of the Church during the last century, and must be gathered from more learned pages than those of this little sketch.

The Saints of God are suited, by a wise Providence, to the age in which they live, and the special gifts they receive, fit them to meet the special wants of the people to whom they are sent. In the days of Saint Alphonsus Liguori there prevailed a fatal coldness of religious feeling that paved the way for the triumph of unbelief in the fairest realms of



Catholic Europe. To the Saint, therefore, was granted a heart burning with zeal in the cause of the Church, and a mind stored with practical wisdom to teach her law, and guide men in its keeping. A noble youth—a gifted and successful student—an eloquent and brilliant speaker—a ready, accurate, and popular author—an exemplary Priest—a fervent religious—a great and holy Bishop, he made himself all unto all, that he might gain all unto Christ. He received in heaven the reward he had earned by the saving of countless souls, and not many years went by before the highest glory that man can win was given to his memory on earth.

In the autumn of 184— the writer had an opportunity of visiting the Convent of San Michele dei Pagani, the mother-house of the Redemptorists. It was here their holy founder passed the last years of his life, having obtained permission from the Pope to resign into other hands his Diocese of Sant' Agata dei Goti. Pagani is a little village near Nocera, through which a railway train now bears the traveller on his way from Naples to La Cava. The body of St. Alphonsus rests in a side-chapel of the same church in which he so often preached in his own earnest and affectionate style, and where he passed hour after hour in sweet communion with his God. A screen is removed from before the altar, and you can there kneel down and pray, and look at him as he sleeps the sleep of the just, dressed in the same pontifical vestments, wearing the same mitre, and

holding the same crozier which he bore when in life. In a little room behind this chapel are shelved in different safes and shown to the pious traveller, the whole of his episcopal wardrobe, the humble service of his table, the garments he wore on his person, the books and sacred images so often sanctified by the touch of his hands.

You are then guided through the same corridors and up the same stairs where he passed when he was, bent down by age and infirmities, led on by some friendly hand, but always with a serene smile on his patriarchal features, and always ready to address a good-natured greeting, an edifying remark, or even an inoffensive pleasantry to the religious brethren who met him on his way. You push open the plain deal door of his apartment—two modest little rooms, where everything has been left in the same state in which it was found at his death. In the first stands the little altar where, as long as he was able, he used to say Mass, with the same homely ornaments that were daily arranged upon it for his use. In the other room there is his bedstead, with the sheets and coverlet folded upon it, his table with its ink-stand and brass reading-lamp, and near at hand the old arm-chair, whose leather covering is worn by his use. The walls are hung with his crucifix and several sacred images, blackened by the frequent kisses which he impressed upon them in the ardor of his devotion.

The presence and natural appearance of his body,

and all these relics which bear witness to the daily tenor of his life, produce a singularly pleasing illusion. You feel yourself carried back to the time, the presence, and the society of the Saint, and you seem to hear him speak, as he has written, in words of varied learning, simple devotion, and world-embracing charity, all blending happily together to form the charming style so peculiarly his own.

There were three or four very old and venerable men living in the monastery at the time I was guided through it by a kind and polite young father, who showed me all the little wonders of devotion I have been describing. One of these old patriarchs was the father superior of the house, and when a lad, as I was then myself, it was said that he had seen and known St. Alphonsus. Before leaving the little cell, next to the rooms of the Saint, where I was presented to him, I asked him if he would bless with all the devotion he could, an American boy who loved their holy founder St. Alphonsus, and who would, probably, soon become a priest and a missionary. The old man seemed touched by this appeal, and as I knelt before him he raised his eyes to heaven and laid his open hand trembling with age upon my head, and blessed me. I kissed his hand and departed. I learned not long after that the good father had gone to join St. Alphonsus in heaven.

THE LARA ENHORN

THE TIARA UNWORN.

THE TIRAT IN WORK

## THE TIARA UNWORN.

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THE seventeenth of March in the year of our Lord 752 was a day of no little excitement in the city of Rome. The last notes of solemn service for the dead had been sung in St. Peter's, where the body of Pope Zachary, loved by the People as a munificent father, and venerated by the Church as a Saint, was now laid in earth near the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. The Bishops of the suburban Sees, and the chief Priests of the city known even at that early period by the name of Cardinals, were assembled in the church of St. Mary Major, deliberating on the choice of a successor to Zachary, and a multitude was gathered around them filling the body of the church, and scattered in groups outside, like fragments severed from the bulk of the main crowd. The secret session, the slow scrutiny, and the formal rites of the conclave which the Church, to protect her freedom, has thrown around the election of her High Priests, were not in force at that earlier and simpler age. The eyes and the hearts

of the assembled ecclesiastics soon centred upon Stephen, a well-known priest, a Roman by birth and lineage, a man of approved virtue and noble character, and the titular of one of the ancient basilicas.

The people soon forgot their grief for the loss of the departed Pontiff in their joy at the election of one who was their favorite to succeed him. Their suffrages in his behalf were free and unanimous; and without more ado they rushed into the sanctuary, and bore him triumphantly along with them to the Patriarchal Basilica of St. John Lateran, where it was customary to install the Popes in office. The Clergy and the Magistrates of the city followed the crowd, and arriving at the Church, they succeeded in restoring order and taking the arrangement of the ceremonies of installation into their own hands. These ceremonies now proceeded with propriety and decorum, the people pressed forward and looked on with eager curiosity, but they were hushed into reverential silence by the voice of the clerical dignitaries reading aloud the prayers which accompanied the rite of possession formally and solemnly taken of the Lateran Patriarchium by the newly created Pontiff. The Palace had been nearly rebuilt and tastefully decorated by Zachary, its cloisters, staircases, and numerous apartments were ready fitted and furnished, and after the *Te Deum* was sung at the Grand Altar of the Church, Pope Stephen II. entered and reigned in the imperial Halls of the Lateran.



On Saturday morning, the 18th of March, he celebrated Mass in a private chapel; it was the last Mass he was to say as a simple priest, for on the next morning he was to be consecrated Bishop, and take his seat upon the throne in the sanctuary, the first dignitary of the Church in holiness of order, as he was already in extent of jurisdiction. He passed the day in private devotions, to prepare for the august ceremony, seeing only those persons to whom it was impossible to refuse admittance on affairs of pressing importance. The bustle of arrangements on a grand and gorgeous scale was going on noisily, gaily, unceasingly in the Palace, in the Church, and throughout the whole city, for everybody was interested in the great coming event, and everybody was to take part in it in some way, whether as actor or spectator. The church was in the hands of carpenters, fitting platforms, stalls, and kneeling-benches for the clergy and nobility; of upholsterers decorating the walls with damask and cloth of gold, candelabras, and variegated festoonery, and strewing the marble pavement with flowers and evergreens; and of masters of ceremonies laying out vestments upon the credence tables, chalices, ciboriums, and missals, and Pontificals upon the side-altars, and preparing wine, oil and chrism, bread, tapers and torches, incense, and water in gold and silver ewers, and cruets for the Grand High Mass. Over the din of preparation pealed the roll of the organ and the swelling voice of the choristers rehearsing their

parts for the service. The Magistrates and their subalterns were hurrying hither and thither, giving and receiving orders, the military scoured their mail, and chose out their finest scarfs and gaudiest plumes for an effective and strong muster; and in the lower part of the palace, hot cooks and cross waiters rattled up and down, and ran against each other in their eagerness to forward all things for the sumptuous banquet, which was to follow close upon the great religious celebration.

The eventful morning of Sunday, March 19th, the Feast of St. Joseph, dawned with all the richness of light, and the freshness and purity of atmosphere that belongs to a southern spring; and the sun, as it poured its rays athwart the mountains of Tusculum and the open Campagna upon Rome, illumined a city astir with crowds in holiday attire, all hastening towards the Lateran Basilica. The Holy Father had not as yet come forth from his private apartments, but the antechamber was already filled with groups of the noble and exalted of State and Church, and with many distinguished strangers, lay and clerical, who had come on important business from foreign lands. There were the suburban Bishops of Ostia Sabina, Albano, Antium and Palestrina, and those of Umbria and Tuscany, the Cardinal Priests of the Roman parishes, and the Abbots of the Monks and Canons Regular whose monasteries stood in the city and its environs. Ambrose, Chief of the notaries, the Senator, the Judges, and Magistrates of Rome

appeared in their robes of office. The oriental garb of another group designated the envoys of the Greek Emperor Constantine Copronymus. They had come to Rome to treat of the vexed question excited by the Iconoclasts or image-breakers, and now had good reason to look serious, news having just been received of the invasion by the Arabs of the fairest portion of the Eastern Emperor's dominions. Legates from Ravenna were anxiously awaiting an opportunity to solicit the powerful protection of the Father of the faithful against Astolfo, King of the Lombards, who had taken their city, and driven from its gates the Exarch Eutychius, and now threatened to march upon Rome itself. In another part of the room were Burchard, Bishop of Wurtsbourg, and Fulrad, Abbot of St. Denys, Ambassadors from Pepin le Bref. They came to explain the dethronement of Childeric, who had been shaved a Monk at Sithieu, and to solicit the interest of the Pope in favor of Pepin, formerly Mayor of the Palace, now claiming to be King of France, and to recommend to his friendly protection the rights of Pepin, and his son, afterwards known as the Emperor Charlemagne. More pleasing and peaceful news was brought by Monks from the North, who had been sent by the great Apostle of Germany, St. Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz. They bore letters of the Saint, begging that his disciple, the Englishman Lullus, formerly a Monk of Malmesbury, might be appointed Archbishop to succeed

him, or at least to administer a portion of his immense archdiocese, which embraced the cities and environs of Tongres, Cologne, Worms, Spire, Utrecht, as also Strasbourg, Augsburg, Constance, and Coire. Steel armor and purple cassock, the serge habit of the monk and the flowing toga of the patrician brushed against each other in the stately halls that led to the audience-chamber of the High Priest of Christendom, and the greatest Monarch of the Universe. The rustle of silks and the hum of conversation was now more and more subdued, and expectation was on tiptoe, for it was momentarily expected that the doors would be thrown open, and a sight obtained of the new Pontiff. The time was near at hand when he would have to descend to the adjoining church, where the solemn rites of his consecration were about to begin. The Chief Master of Ceremonies, in purple cassock and mantle, now appeared at the door leading from the inner apartment, and spoke to the assembled prelates, nobles, and gentry: "Signors, have the complaisance to get ready and form according to rank, so as to walk in procession to the grand altar of the church. Their Excellencies the Archbishops, Bishops, and Prelates, will please enter and pay their respects to the Holy Father, and take their place near his person at the end of the procession. The Knights, Chamberlains, and Magistrates, followed by the Clergy, will have the goodness to form in this room, and move at the word of com-

mand down by the royal staircase." The doors were now thrown open, the Prelates entered, and all the vast assembly turned to get a glimpse of the person of his Holiness. He was seated under a canopy in an arm-chair of velvet and gold, at the bottom of the inner chamber, arrayed in papal costume, white cassock, embroidered stole, and camauro, a close-fitting cap of red velvet faced with snow-white lawn. As the distinguished retinue walked majestically in, he rose from his chair and stood with the bright rays of the morning sun streaming full upon him. He was of tall and commanding presence, in the full vigor of manhood, and looked a fitting centre figure for the brilliant crowd that gathered around him. He gazed with a smile of paternal kindness upon the dignitaries as they made their obeisance before him, and bowed again and again in friendly recognition of some one, an exalted personage perhaps, who but two short days before had been high above him in office. He now turned to address a few words relative to some domestic affair to one of the officers of the palace who stood by his side. Suddenly the attention of all present was attracted by a strange alteration in his appearance. Gazing straight before him he continued the trivial instructions he had been giving in a loud and full voice, which grew inarticulate, and ended in an inaudible whisper. His countenance flushed like crimson, and then grew ashy pale. He stretched forth his right hand towards a crucifix which stood

upon the table beside him, and then with a groan sank heavily into the chair from which he had risen. The illustrious assembly were struck dumb with astonishment and fear. The court archiater, or head physician, advanced rapidly to his side, and dropping on one knee examined his face, which was already distorted and clammy, and communicated the result of his observations in a hurried whisper to the venerable Bishop of Ostia, who stood nearest, as the prelate who was to perform the consecration. The Bishop, after some moments of hesitation, raised his voice, while the crowd held their breath to hear what he would say. "Signors," said the venerable prelate, "The holy Father has been taken suddenly with—" he turned to the doctor with a look of interrogation. "Death!" was the sorrowful reply.

The dismay of all present at this terrible announcement may be imagined but cannot be described. All festive sounds were hushed, the gorgeous decorations of the great Lateran Church were taken down and put hastily aside, and couriers were despatched in every direction to convey the dreadful tidings, in advance, if possible, of those who had left Rome with the news of the new Pope's election. The people slowly and gloomily dispersed, and returned to their homes to discuss the particulars of this last terrific excitement, and the lesson upon the nothingness of human glory, of which it afforded so striking an example.

The poor sufferer, whom the greatest perhaps had envied, and whom none was now too poor to pity, was borne to his couch by his tearful attendants. Here he remained in the hands of his immediate friends and of his ecclesiastical brethren, anxious to administer to him the last sacraments. He lingered on for some hours, unconscious the greater part of the time, his disease being a stroke of apoplexy, and died early on Monday morning.

A Grand Mass of Requiem was sung in St. John Lateran, the Church recommended to God the soul of his vicar upon earth, summoned at such fearfully short notice to appear before his heavenly master, and the tiara which was to have been used at his coronation was placed upon his coffin, to mark, according to custom, the dignity of him whose funeral obsequies were being celebrated in the holy place.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



**THE EMPEROR'S REVENGE.**

## THE EMPEROR'S REVENGE

"DO not know whether the advantage of such  
I thus have ever been made the theme of war-  
only by any of our modern poets. No external  
only a subject might well draw tears from spectators  
now, as it did then those who witnessed it when it  
happened."

### MURDER

A Tragedy was written on the subject by  
Shakespeare neither in consequence of the great  
murder's magnitude.

Julius Caesar was born at Lutetia in Gaul of an  
ancient and noble family. About the twentieth  
year of the Christian era he induced the people of  
his native city to rebel against the Romans, and  
assumed a powerful sway as the head of what he  
called the senate of independence. His army, com-  
posed of the elements of insurrection, was not long  
after disbanded and scattered in  
every direction of the western border of the Em-  
pire. Caesar's soldiers who were then scattered

## THE EMPEROR'S REVENGE.

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“I DO not know whether the adventures of Sabinus have ever been made the theme of a tragedy by any of our modern Poets. So extraordinary a subject might well draw tears from spectators now, as it did from those who witnessed it when it happened.”

MURATORI.

(A Tragedy was written on the subject by a Neapolitan author in consequence of the great historian's suggestion.)

Julius Sabinus was born at Langres in Gaul of an ancient and noble family. About the seventieth year of the Christian era he induced the people of his native city to rebel against the Romans, and formed a powerful army, at the head of which he raised the standard of insurrection. His army, however, was not long after defeated and scattered in every direction by the veteran forces of the Emperor Vespasian. Sabinus, who might have sought

and found a safe asylum among neighboring barbarians, preferred to remain in Gaul to be near his wife Eponina, to whom he was deeply and fondly attached. He called together all his servants and freedmen, and gave them to understand that it was his fixed determination to put an end to his life by taking poison. He freed and dismissed all, with the single exception of an old and devoted follower named Martial. He then retired into a subterranean structure, used as a burying vault, near a country-house which was his property. In order to give a greater appearance of truth to the report of his death, he dispatched a messenger to Eponina, who assured her that Sabinus was no more, having perished by his own hand. The devoted wife, on the receipt of these sad tidings, swooned away, and for many days refused to partake of any nourishment. Sabinus was struck with fear that she might imitate in reality the pretended death of her husband, and had her therefore secretly apprised of his hiding-place. He begged her, however, to forward his designs, and continue to mourn as if for her husband's decease.

(It was not long before Eponina paid a secret visit to Sabinus, and she finally resolved to shut herself up with him in his dreadful abode. There the noble woman continued to dwell, soothing and supporting the crushed spirit of her unfortunate yet devoted husband. Her anxiety for him was shared by her two little boys, one of whom, on account of

his premature physical strength, was named *Fortis*, the other *Blandus*, to mark the gentleness and sweetness of his disposition.

(Plutarch tells us that he saw one of these extraordinary children. They grew with unexampled quickness, and formed the solace and the hope of their doating parents. The misfortunes of Sabinus, however, had not yet come to an end. It happened one day that the trusty freedman Martial, who had entombed himself with his former master and mistress, and who supplied the little family with food, having gone on his usual errand in their behalf, was not seen to return. Night set in. Hours of uncertainty and fruitless expectation ensued. Midnight came on, and Sabinus was seized by the fatal thought that either Martial, of whose fidelity he could not doubt, had been arrested and the place of his retirement found out, or that if undiscovered, he was doomed to see his beloved wife and children die of starvation in their dungeon.

The dismal forebodings of Sabinus increased, and gnawed his very soul with anxiety. He was soon stretched upon his pallet of straw, the victim of a raging fever. Eponina, ever faithful, bent over him, and nursed him with the tenderest care. The poor little boys pressed up to their mother in great astonishment, asking what was the matter with their father, with so much perseverance, that she finally told them that they were sure to die from starvation, as there was now no hope that Martial would return.

“Why should you grieve for us so much, dear mother?” said the innocent and affectionate Blandus. “We will not die, for I am sure Martial will come back. He will not leave us alone to die in this dreadful place.” The heart-broken parents could only exchange glances of unutterable despair. They were soon, however, excited to hope by the impetuous Fortis, who, with his usual ardor, rose abruptly exclaiming: “We will get food for you, father! Are we not able to gather what fruit is to be found in the neighboring forest, and even to get eggs and birds from the nest? I have followed Martial more than once and climbed the trees for them. Let our mother give us a little basket, and see what we can do.” With great reluctance and many injunctions of caution and speed, the fond parents finally consented to let the little boys go. They would have been all starved to death by remaining in the subterranean, without making an effort to procure the means of subsistence.

The boys were provided with a little basket, and started on their errand, which they fulfilled with so much address that they soon returned with a goodly provision of nuts, wild berries, and birds’ eggs.

Their joyful parents overpowered them with caresses, and thanked them as their preservers from a death worse than that of the sword. Sabinus soon recovered his spirits and his health, and the little family were hopeful and happy once more.

Sabinus was not without anxiety on account of the

continued absence of his faithful freedman, but as many days elapsed and no tidings of danger were heard, his suspicions were gradually lulled, and he thanked Providence that he and his cherished ones were unknown to the outside world or forgotten by it altogether. His security, however, was ill-founded. On the reappearance of the freedman, who was reported to have destroyed himself with his master, he was quietly placed under arrest, and suspicions were excited regarding the death of Sabinus himself. As no promise or threat could open the lips of the trusty Martial, the Roman authorities instituted a noiseless but careful search in the neighborhood where he had been taken. One day when the little boys were engaged, as usual, in a foraging expedition near the cave, they were discovered and followed to its entrance, and at the very moment when the unhappy parents were about to share the gifts of their adventurous offspring, they were struck with astonishment and horror by the sight of hostile soldiers who entered their hiding-place. Prayers and tears and supplications for mercy were tried in vain by the wretched Sabinus and his wife. The local magistrates knew that the Emperor had ever preserved rankling in his breast a personal enmity against the former Gallic general, and that he who should give him up to his power would render a service not likely to be forgotten. The prisoner was, therefore, placed under a strong guard and thus sent to Rome, accompanied by his Eponina and her children.

They were brought before the Emperor on a public and solemn occasion, when he was seated on his throne, surrounded by a crowd of nobles and citizens. He received Sabinus with great sternness, and upbraided him with the crime of rebellion. It became apparent that the anger of the Emperor against the former enemy of his power was far from having been appeased by time, and that some severe retribution was in store for the wretched Sabinus. Eponina pressed forward, and presented her little children to Vespasian, telling him that "she had raised them in a tomb that there might be more voices to implore mercy for her husband." On hearing the eager pleadings of the devoted woman, and on seeing the innocent children who knelt by her side and sued with her for "mercy and pardon," the emotion of the crowd was indescribable. It is probable that this very sympathy injured the cause of Sabinus. The general character of Vespasian was one of mildness, but he would not look upon the man before him otherwise than as a traitor and a coward. Turning his head not to see the unhappy suppliants, he commanded them to be dealt with according to the military laws of the empire. Sabinus and his wife were put to death by the axe, and the two children were thrown into a dungeon, where they perished with hunger. They were found dead upon the stony floor, with their arms around each other's neck. The whole family thus became extinct, lest new traitors might grow



up and follow in the footsteps of their rebel ancestor. Historians notice the fact that this cruel sentence left a stigma upon the fair fame of Vespasian, and it was attributed to the vengeance of heaven that he died soon after, and that his house came in a short period of time to a total extinction.

THE GHOST OF THE BLACK PRIAR

THE GHOST OF THE BLACK FRIAR.

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## THE GHOST OF THE BLACK FRIAR.

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IT was a dreary night in November, 18—, when Mr. Hawthorne, a Protestant English gentleman, rode up to the gates of the Abbey of St. Barnabas, fifteen miles from the town of —, on the banks of the far-famed river Po. He had started from Turin early in the morning, in company with a post-chaise, containing his brother and three friends; but having left the highway to inspect a ruin at some distance across the fields, had got bewildered and lost his road. As nightfall came on, the lights from the casements of the Abbey led him, as his only protection from exposure, and the banditti who then infested the country, to seek hospitality at its gates. It was only the sheerest necessity compelled him to do so. For Mr. Hawthorne was the son of an Evangelical Minister, and his notions of monks and their persecuting spirit, were such as may be more easily imagined than described. As the sturdy lay-brother cautiously unbarred and opened the massive convent gate, the traveller's spirit was somewhat

reassured by the honest good-nature which beamed from his face; but a thrill of distrust ran through his veins as he swung back the heavy portal, still eyeing the guest, who had dismounted, and stood, bridle in hand, at the horse's head. The corners of the old monk's handsome mouth at that moment assumed something of a smirk, that seemed to speak a consciousness of having a high-mettled Briton in his power.

The gravel creaked beneath their feet as they approached the stable, where the horse was duly cared for, and where his master left him at the invitation of the monk, to repair to the strangers' apartment and partake of some refreshment, which he stood sadly in need of, after his solitary rambles.

Not long after supper, the Most Reverend Father Abbot was announced, and Mr. Hawthorne, on rising, confronted a tall, commanding figure, in whose veins coursed some of the proudest blood of northern Italy's feudal chieftains. The mingled air of grace and majesty which formed the character of the Father Abbot impressed his visitor most favorably, and the paternal kindness with which he welcomed him to the convent halls, and on taking leave bade him a cheerful "good night, and God bless you," tended wonderfully to dispel his gloom and reassure his spirits. Still he could not but think that all this friendliness might be only apparent, while the true end was to lull all anxiety, and put him completely off his guard. He had heard from tra-

vellers, of individuals who had been known to enter similar institutions and never left them. He knew that an English Protestant would seem no better than a heretic in the eyes of the monks, whose blind zeal might lead them to any excess, against one whom they considered as an enemy of God and Holy Mother Church. He retired to rest with a heavy heart, and bitterly repented having at all entered this strange abode. Mr. Hawthorne was, in plain truth, somewhat superstitious. He had been led to believe from early infancy that monks and friars held communion with the evil spirits of the air. He believed, moreover, in presentiment; and now, do what he would, the firm conviction rested on his mind that some great mishap was going to befall him. He looked anxiously all around the room before even approaching his bed, and longer still before he laid his head on his pillow. Little did he dream of what a night he was about to pass!!

He had not been asleep more than an hour when the wall opposite to his bed exhibited a streak of light. Hawthorne gazed intently upon this unexpected vision, so as to be sure it was not the work of fancy. He was certain he did not dream, for the dark figure of a monk in the black friar's garb detached itself from the bright glare formed on the wall, and glided with noiseless tread towards his couch. For a moment the traveller's superstition got the better of him, his flesh crept, and his hair stood on end at the thought that this awful vision

must be from below. The Ghost glided into a corner of the room, between the bed and the wall. Hawthorne, in turning, made a slight noise, when the figure turned on him, and stood as though shading a light which it held between its hands. Its jaws opened as its eyes rested upon the traveller, for one moment it delayed, then glided to the part from which it came, and vanished.

“Heavens!” thought the Englishman, as he gradually recovered from his fright. “Have I truly gazed upon the guilty dead appearing again upon earth, or was this horrid visitor some emissary who precedes the appearance of a cowled assassin?” The more he thought, the less could he understand of so strange a mystery. He deemed it prudent not to sleep any more, and in spite of hunger, fatigue, and cold, he paced up and down the room until morning.

The room was not opened until a late hour, when the monk who had served him while at supper, entered to inform him that a post-chaise had deposited at the gate four gentlemen, who had come expressly to inquire if a traveller answering the description of Mr. Hawthorne had stopped at the Abbey that night. When Hawthorne met them in the strangers’ apartment, what was his joy on discovering that one of the four was the British Consul. Fearful of some foul play, Mr. Hawthorne’s brother had requested that official to accompany him and his friends, when they left Turin. Hawthorne deter-



mined at once to have the matter of the unearthly vision which had disturbed his slumbers probed to the bottom. The Consul declared that he would take a judicial account of all the evidence. The Abbot was summoned, at Mr. Hawthorne's request, and as the Consul represented that the presence of all the residents of the Institution would lead to a speedier solution of the mystery, the whole community was assembled in the Convent Refectory. The circumstances of the visit of either a ghost or an assassin, were repeated with nervous accuracy by Hawthorne, who was now roused to a high pitch of excitement and eager desire of revenge.

When he had finished, the Abbot turned a searching look upon all the bystanders, and charged any one present who knew of this dreadful occurrence, to speak out, in virtue of holy obedience. The Prior of the Convent was the only one who spoke, though what he said gave little satisfaction; in fact, rather rendered the explanation more difficult. He remarked that there was a door which led to the room where Mr. Hawthorne had slept, from the corridor of the Infirmary. A silence ensued, when Hawthorne was observed to grow pale and stagger back.

An old monk, who had a partial charge of the Infirmary, stepped slowly from the ranks of his brethren and walked towards the Abbot. Hawthorne had recognised at once the thin, pale features, upon which the nocturnal lamp had glared. The old man bared his silvery head, and bowed tremblingly at his

superior's feet. A dead silence ensued as he began, in a husky voice : "Most Reverend Father Abbot, I confess that I know something of this last night's occurrence. I myself was the cause of the Englishman's alarm. I know that Brother Francis is a young and giddy lad, and after beads, on my way to bed, I stepped into his room to see if Brother Francis had remembered *to put water in the pitcher!!* When I got up to the corner where the wash-stand is, I saw the Englishman turn around, and for fear of waking him up, I ran again out of the room."

## MONASTERY OF LA CAVA.

NOTES TO THE READER

## MONASTERY OF LA CAVA.

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ONE of the most delightful excursions a traveller can enjoy in the environs of Naples is undoubtedly a visit to the celebrated monastery of La Cava, more commonly known in the neighborhood under the name of "*La Trinità*." Whether he be an artist in quest of beautiful scenery, a student of antiquities, or a devout pilgrim, he is sure to be more than satisfied, and to obtain at La Cava both literary and religious instruction.

The monastery is situated in a valley of the Western Apennines, four miles from Salerno, and about forty-six from Naples. Leaving Naples in the cars, you are whirled along the edge of its far-famed gulf, passing before the royal palace at Portici, then over beds of lava, through Torre Annunziata and Torre del Greco, behind which stands Vesuvius, with its bright column of smoke rising, at times, straight from its fiery basis up into mid air, like a pile of icebergs, at times bending horizontally before the wind, and stretching at an angle with the top of the

cone far over the smiling Campania, like some gigantic serpent of glass. Your attention is occasionally recalled to the mountain by sudden rebuffs, which at that distance sound not much louder than the puffing of the engine, but to a person standing on the crater assume the reality of deafening thunder, shaking the ground beneath, and followed by volleys of cinders, and red-hot fragments of stone, and crystals, which shoot high up through the smoke, and either fall again into the chasm, or roll down its sides accompanied by streams of burning lava.

You are roused from your contemplation of the wonders of nature by the train stopping near Pompeii, whose miniature palaces and lofty temples shine brightly in the sun, showing you what man was able to erect in the hour of his pride—a monument of Vanity to Silence and Death. Angri, Scafati, Pagani, and Nocera are passed in rapid succession. Pagani is endeared to the Christian traveller by the memory of St. Alphonsus Liguori, who made it his dwelling-place for many years, and whose relics are enshrined there, beneath the altar of San Michele, the mother house of his Order. Cava is only three or four miles beyond Nocera, on the road to Salerno.

Few parts of Italy present a view equal to that of the neighborhood of La Cava for the singular contrast of wildness and beauty, the whole forming a panorama of romantic grandeur which would be more naturally expected in the mountains of Swit-

zerland than on the smiling shores of Campania the Blest.

As you ride up the winding road that runs from the town of La Cava to the abbey, new hills seem to rise suddenly before you, while those you have passed are as suddenly lost to the eye. For a long time you enjoy only an extremely limited horizon, as the rugged path threads its way between a deep precipice on one side and a cluster of mountain-tops on the other, abruptly severed by narrow ravines, and covered with wild vegetation. At an unexpected turn of the mountain-pass, the smiling valley of Cava opens beneath you far and wide, with its well-cultivated fields, its bright little town, its meandering river, and the blue hills in the distance, over which the sun pours a stream of glory upon the enchanting scene.

From this point of view two objects especially attract the attention of the spectator. On the left hand, the Apennines, swelling in terrific grandeur from the valley, present to the eye their rugged sides covered with a forest of chestnuts, which form a broad mass of deep and dark foliage, and end in a lofty ridge, overtopped again by two banks of naked rock, which join together at the highest elevation, leaving beneath a wide quadrangular opening, which appears in the distance like a great window hewn through the solid mountain-side by the hand of Nature. This phenomenon has given to the place the appellation of *Monte Fenestra* (Mount Window), and

the effect produced by the rays of the sun shining through this strange aperture is very striking. On the opposite side, a Capuchin convent is descried, whose little courts, gardens, and vineyards look like a landscape traced by art on the side of the hill, which shoots still higher up into a greyish isolated rock in the form of a sugar-loaf. This eminence was formerly crowned by a little fort, the ruins of which are still found scattered about. On an evening during the Octave of the Corpus Domini a temporary altar is erected there, and a procession wends its way up to it, the festival ending with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given, under the broad canopy of Italy's blue sky, from that sublime height, in full view of all the inhabitants of the valley, to their families, their dwellings, their fields, and forests. The whole ascent is illuminated by hundreds of torches, colored lanterns, and ranges of fireworks, the summit ending in a perfect blaze of splendor. The awful moment of the terminating ceremony is announced by a peal of martial music and the echo of innumerable volleys, the whole pageant, combined with the picturesque grandeur of the surrounding scenery, producing an effect which is described as truly magnificent.

But return we to the abbey. To find one's self suddenly beneath the gilded ceiling and surrounded by the stuccoed walls of the convent church, after wandering so long amongst the wild fastnesses of the rugged Apennines, is so delightful a surprise as



to seem the effect of magic. This surprise is not lessened at discovering what treasures are contained in this happy wilderness. It will not, we hope, prove unacceptable to our readers, if, before describing them, we give a brief account of the origin and early history of the monastery.

The date of its foundation has not been established with precision, but Pellegrini and Mabillon refer it to the beginning of the eleventh century. About the year 1006, a monk of illustrious lineage, whose family was allied to the Lombard princes of Salerno, but who was still more distinguished by his virtues than by his noble birth, departed that city, where he had the direction of several monastic institutions, to find a solitude where he might lead a life of penance and prayer, far remote from the noise and vanity of a deceitful world. He discovered a spot answering his pious intentions in one of the wildest defiles of the Metellian valley, called *Cava arsiccia*, which name was afterwards given to the town situated a mile and a half from the convent. The holy recluse chose for his dwelling an humble hermitage, which a monk of Monte Cassino, called Liutius, had erected long before in the midst of the wilderness, hoping to enjoy in its secluded cell that peace and retirement of which Monte Cassino had been deprived, in consequence of the intrusive election of an abbot sustained by the secular power.

The odor of the sanctity of Alpherio Pappacarbene, for this was the name of the new inhabitant

of La Cava, soon began to diffuse itself abroad. A numerous band of pious persons, who like himself were weary of the world, and desired to embrace a life of perfection, came to put themselves under his guidance. Alpherio with great reluctance consented to assume the direction of these good brethren, and obeying the mysterious decrees of Providence, which did not permit him to remain in the obscurity he had so anxiously sought after, erected in due time a convent and church in that solitary place. The hymn of praise was heard to swell upon the mountain breeze from the lips of a numerous choir, and the steam of the censer soared towards the skies from recesses untrodden before by the foot of man. Alpherio dedicated the new institution to the Ever-blessed Trinity, and taught his twelve companions the rule of Cluny as he had learned it in the monastery of San Michele della Chiusa in Savoy. While ambassador at the court of the Emperor Otho the Third, he had been forced by illness during a journey to apply for hospitality at the above mentioned monastery, where he received the habit at the hands of the venerable Abbot Odilon.

Several years had elapsed, during which Alpherio trained up his disciples in a life of piety united with study, when he was gathered to his fathers in a good old age. He was succeeded in the abbacy by Leo of Lucca, and then by his nephew, Peter Pappacarbone, who, at the request of Leo, had come to their monastery from Cluny.

The remains of these venerable abbots repose in the church originally built by their hands, and are justly venerated as the relics of saints. Under their direction, the abbey increased in reputation, and many of the inhabitants of the neighboring valleys came to put themselves under its protection. Many flourishing townships were formed in this manner during the Middle Ages, not only in Italy, but in Germany, France, and England. The abbey, invested with the rights of a landlord, formed the nucleus of the increasing settlement, which was protected by the shield of religion, and, when it became necessary, by the sword of the abbot, who was not backward in defending his tenants, if the insolent feudal signior, the marauding Saracen, or the lawless bandit dared to attack them beneath the shade of the convent walls. The origin of the town of Cava is usually dated, according to Eustace, from the invasion of Genseric, and the destruction of the neighboring town of Marciana, whose inhabitants took shelter in the mountains, and, at the persuasion of the abbot, settled around the monastery.

It was in its highest degree of splendor when Pope Urban the Second, who had been compelled by the rudeness of the times to seek refuge in Salerno, governed by the Duke Roger Borsa, became desirous to give a token of his friendship to its inmates by consecrating the newly-erected church of the Most Holy Trinity. Urban had formerly been a monk of Cluny, under the name of Odo, and, hav-

ing followed the Abbot Peter to La Cava, he had passed several years within its walls.

Among the privileges granted by Urban to the monks, the most remarkable one is the elevation of Peter to the dignity of a bishop. The Duke Roger likewise invested the abbot and his successors with temporal dominion over all the lands of the abbey. The monks made use of this power to protect the neighborhood from the incursions of the numerous petty princes whose turbulent spirit never permitted them to live in peace with their vassals or in friendship with their neighbors. The Abbot Costabile, by the erection of Castel Abate, provided a refuge for the inhabitants of Licosia, as Peter Pappacarbone had done for the vassals of the convent spread over the Marcine valley by the construction of the stronghold called *Corpo della Cava*.

Nor is this the only obligation the inhabitants of the country are under to the Benedictines. During centuries of ignorance and barbarism, their convent walls were the asylum of science and literature, as their precious archives amply testify. Far from the gaze of the world, the Italian monk spent his life in transcribing the works of the fathers and the classics, while the ancestors of those who now upbraid his memory with the epithets of *lazy, useless, and ignorant*, were setting fire to palaces and churches, and tumbling to earth the stately monuments of Roman grandeur and ingenuity.

Through each succeeding age, the monastery of

La Cava continued to be exemplary in the maintenance of religious discipline and in its love for learning, until the introduction of commendatary or honorary abbots caused a degree of relaxation in its cloisters which it was found necessary to repress by efficacious measures. Cardinal Carafa, the last commendatary abbot, began the good work by resigning, with permission of Pope Alexander the Sixth, his abbacy into the hands of the Benedictine congregation of St. Justin of Padua. Through the vigilance of the new superiors of the monastery, the influence of ancient authority was re-asserted, and studies were resumed with an ardor which made several names dear to the republic of letters.

In the sixteenth century, the town of La Cava, which had been elevated by Benedict the Ninth to the rank of a city in 1394, ungrateful to its faithful protectors, was led by the spirit of the age to get weary of its ancient lords and their patriarchal sway. The Order yielded to the earnest solicitations of the citizens, and the abbot made over to them the rights of temporal jurisdiction with which his predecessors had been invested. The city of La Cava was subsequently elevated to the rank of a bishopric, but the other domains of the abbey remained in its possession. Things continued in this state down to the days when the French conquerors, marching into Naples, drove the bishop from his cathedral, and the monks from their convent, substi-

tuting the musket for the crozier, and the roll of the drum for the music of the psalms.

Fortunately the rapacity of the invaders spared the precious archives of the monastery. They were not dispersed, nor sold at auction, nor stuffed ignominiously into boxes to be carried to Paris, as it was customary to do in similar cases, but being considered a section of the records of the kingdom, they were confided to persons who guarded them with praiseworthy vigilance. After the fall of Joachim Murat, the most humane of usurpers, and the return of the Bourbons, the monks regained peaceful possession of their ancient home, and of the treasures of learning which it contains.

After this outline of the history of the convent, taken from chronicles preserved in it, we will proceed to say something of the attractions it has for a traveller. The church, which seems at first sight to start up, as if by enchantment, in the midst of crags and forests, is nearly overhung by the jutting brow of a rock that protects it on the northern side. It is more to be admired for its solidity, a necessary precaution in a mountainous neighborhood, visited at times by tremendous storms, than for the beauty of its architecture. In the vestibule is to be remarked the tomb of Queen Sybilla, wife of Roger king of Sicily. The style of the interior is a mixture of Greek and Roman. The organ-loft is an elegant piece of workmanship in the Gothic style, tastefully executed by Chevalier Petrelli. The fame of the

organ of La Cava has spread all over Europe. It has eighty-four stops, and three key-boards of six octaves each. Nine thousand francs were spent, not long ago, merely to add new instruments to it. The whole receives life from one enormous pair of bellows, the breath of which is made at pleasure to imitate the sound of almost every known instrument. The builders of this celebrated organ were Quirico and Gaetano Gennaro of Lanciano, whose names have been made the theme of their praises by nearly all European periodicals.

The chapel on the right, ornamented with a profusion of rare marbles and precious stones, contains the relics of St. Alpherio, and his three immediate successors in the government of the abbey. In the nave of the main altar, on the same side, there is an inscription which refers to the consecration of the church by Urban the Second, in 1092, and opposite to that a piece of marble in the wall which bears a kind of inverted mitre. This device, which is evidently symbolical, has given rise to the strangest conjectures. That which supposes the said marble slab to cover the tomb of the Antipope Burdin, exiled to the monastery of La Cava to do penance for the disturbances he had created, is not the least curious. As this conjecture has no sure foundation in history, perhaps the symbol in question is nothing but the escutcheon of a knight buried at a remote period in that part of the church.

The secluded position and fortified walls of the

convent protected its archives from those lamentable inroads which dispersed the literary treasures of many other abbeys. There is nowhere else to be found a collection of documents so ancient, so important, so well preserved, and so judiciously arranged. Mabillon calls this collection *integerrimum*. The admirers of the *Dark Ages* find in this sanctuary vast records of the utmost importance to history, and a rich collection of laws, customs, deeds, formularies, and donations, the consideration of which is indispensable to him who would form a just idea of those times, so indiscriminately misrepresented and so little understood. Before mentioning a few of the most remarkable documents, we cannot refrain from paying a just tribute of praise to the venerable religious for the neatness and order with which the archives are kept. The well-written catalogue formed by their patience and industry furnishes the curious with the most satisfactory classification. In the first column each diploma or charter is specified; in the same line on the ensuing columns is found its number, the year, the month, and indiction of its date, the name of the prince or king under whom it issued, the kind of writing it exhibits, the quality of its seal, and, finally, a summary of its contents. A new chronological catalogue has likewise been written, in alphabetical order, in the form of a dictionary.

The archives are composed of forty thousand parchments, upwards of sixty thousand acts of dif-



ferent kinds, and about sixteen hundred bulls and diplomas.

The first act in this long list is dated A. D. 840. By it, Radelchis, Prince of Benevento, grants to the Abbot of St. Sophia the possessions of a certain Lambayard forfeited by the crime of rebellion. Two other diplomas famous in the history of La Cava refer to some of its earliest endowments. One bears the date of 1025, and the other of the following year. By them, Waimher the Third, Prince of Salerno, makes a donation to the abbey of the valley which Alpherio had chosen for the site of its erection, and of the surrounding woods, which had hitherto been hunting-grounds of the prince. To this donation he adds ample privileges and exemptions. The seal of Waimher is a pendent one of wax, on one side of which is a bust of the prince, with his crown and sceptre, and the inscription *Waimaius Princeps*, and on the reverse the closed hand of Justice. By another act, a subsequent Prince Waimher, styled, nevertheless, *the Wicked* in the Cava chronicle, grants to the convent of St. Maximus of Salerno the property and person of a certain Lupo, with his wife, his children, and grandchildren, for having treasonably acted as guide to the Saracens when they besieged Salerno in 870. It is remarkable that, not long after, having been dethroned by his rebel subjects, Waimher the Wicked was obliged to seek refuge in this same monastery. The document is signed 899, and, although of little importance in

itself, it settles the date of important historical events.

To the right, upon entering the archives, is perceived a celebrated diploma of Roger, King of Sicily, dated in the first year of his reign, 1130. The king yields up to the monks of La Cava extensive lands in Sicily, and a goodly number of Christian and Saracen vassals. The diploma bears a golden seal, with an impression of our Saviour standing with a book in his hand, and on the reverse a full-length portrait of Roger dressed in a *Dalmatica*, the robe of a deacon. This is intended, most probably, to show his dignity of legate *a latere* of the Pope in Sicily. At the end of the writ is an autograph signature of the Norman leader in Greek letters.

There is to be found, likewise, an act of Baldwin the Sixth, King of Jerusalem, dated anno 1181, which grants free navigation to the ships of the monastery in the waters of Syria.

There is an act which speaks of the *morgengabe*, or morning-gift, which the bridegroom gave to the bride the morning after their marriage. A law of King Luitprand expressly establishes that the *morgengabe* is in no case to exceed the fourth part of the donor's property! A verdict of the year 844 condemns a certain Theodelgard to pay the sum of nine hundred pence, in reparation of her injured honor, to a maiden of free condition. Upon Theodelgard's declaring himself unable to advance the sum, the act

mentions that the judge *seized him by the hair*, and handed him over to the offended party as security for its payment. An act of 1053 gives the exact measure of the foot used by the Lombards; and another, in which Nicholas, Count of the Principate, grants extensive lands to the abbey *per fustem*, is attached to a small wooden roll, which bears the inscription, *Nicolaus Comes P. R. C.* A privilege granted by Pope Alexander the Fourth deserves attention for the title which he takes, of Supreme Lord of Sicily.

In a bull of Urban the Second, issued at the time he consecrated the church of the Blessed Trinity, the Pope confirms, in virtue of the same authority, and at the *humble request* of Roger, the privileges granted by this prince to the monastery. We may remark, in passing, that among these privileges there is the singular faculty by force of which the religious could save from death any person condemned by the secular power. Interesting use might be made of this privilege in works of fiction, the scene of which lay in the Middle Ages.

The bulls published by different popes, and preserved at La Cava, amount to five hundred and sixty. An exposition of their contents would certainly be interesting, but few of them remain unpublished. The few we inspected contained grants of jurisdictional power to the monastery, chiefly by Urban the Second, Paschal the Second, Alexander the Third, and Gregory the Fourteenth.

The convent library is not remarkable for the number of its books, but it has a magnificent collection of manuscripts and rare editions. The manuscripts, of which there are more than sixty, from the seventh down to the fourteenth century, are in different respects highly valuable. We will mention :—

1. The book of Bede on the history of Italy from the ninth to the tenth century, the margins of which are covered with interesting notes, written from year to year by contemporary witnesses. These valuable notes have been published by Muratori, in his great collection of Italian writers, but unfortunately with not much accuracy.

2. Two manuscripts of the fourteenth century, elegantly written and beautifully illuminated.

3. We have purposely reserved for the last two of those delightful rarities which the learned traveller must not expect to meet with more than once at every six hundred miles, and over which he gloats with the eagerness of a worldly-minded gourmand who has a favorite dish, not seen for a considerable time, placed unexpectedly before him. One is a Latin Bible of the seventh century, so exquisitely written and so entirely preserved, that it cannot be viewed without amazement, considering its antiquity. Its neat and regular pages present five different kinds of writing. In the capitals the uncial characters predominate, and in the text the small Roman letters, amongst which last there is an occasional resemblance to the ancient Lombard. This

precious manuscript contains all the books of the Old and New Testament, but they are arranged differently from the usual order. The Psalms, of which there is one more than elsewhere, present several variations, which are found, also, in the Old Italic version, circumstances that prove the antiquity of the manuscript.\*

\* We will add to this description the remarks of Cardinal Wiseman upon this celebrated manuscript, which we copy from the first of his *Two Letters on some Parts of the Controversy concerning 1 John* v. 7.

"The first document to which I beg the attention of critics is the beautiful manuscript of the Vulgate preserved in the venerable Benedictine abbey of La Cava, situated between Naples and Salerno. . . . When visiting that part of Italy some years ago, I turned aside to the monastery, chiefly for the purpose of inspecting it. I have, however, found still more favorable opportunity to study its text. For the indefatigable librarian of the Vatican, Monsignor Mai, considered this manuscript of sufficient value to deserve an exact transcription. This was ordered by Pope Leo XII., and in the course of last summer (1834) the last sheets were deposited in the Vatican library by Father Rossi, the archivist of La Cava. It will be difficult at a distance to estimate the labor and trouble with which this transcript has been effected. It contains the Old and New Testaments, copied line for line, and word for word, with an exact imitation of the painted and ornamental parts. . . . The original manuscript is written on a beautiful vellum, in large quarto; each page, like the celebrated Vatican (1209), contains three columns. There is no division between the words except by an occasional point. The character is exceedingly minute; the initial letters of paragraphs are somewhat larger and stand out of the lines; the marginal notes are written so small as to require a good lens in order to decipher them. A very detailed description has, however, been published by the Abbé Razan, who has carefully collected all those characteristics which can have weight in deciding its age. I will give the result of his investigation." The Abbé winds up, rather unexpectedly, by concluding that the manuscript is *only* a thousand years

The second rare manuscript alluded to is a Lombard code of the tenth century. It is the most ancient collection of Lombard laws in existence, and teems with the most precious items of information. This manuscript, in 1642, furnished Camillo Pellegrini with six treatises, which he has published in the *History of the Lombard Princes*. Mabillon, the historian Giannone, Pratilli, and the Abbé de Razan, and, still more recently, Carlo Troja, consulted it with success on several important points. When the writer of the present sketch visited La Cava, Father de Cornè, then director of the archives, was engaged in the laborious task of illustrating this important remnant of the Middle Ages with explanatory, historical, and philological notes, and was in hopes to be able to publish it in due time, with his copious and erudite commentary.

What distinguishes the library of La Cava is a collection of more than six hundred volumes of the earliest editions issued after the invention of the art of printing. We will mention in particular a book beautifully printed at Mayence in 1467; the well-known Bible of Hailbronn of 1476; the first editions of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Eusebius; and the first edition of the golden little treatise *De Imi-*

old, agreeing with Cardinal Mai in attributing it at least to the seventh century.

The marginal notes refer to the errors of the day. For example, opposite the famous text of John v. 7, the comment says, "*Audiat hoc Arius et cæteri.*"

*tatione Christi.* Moreover, St. Augustine *De Civitate Dei*, printed by the Benedictines of Subiaco (if we remember well) in 1465, the first book ever printed in Italy. There is also a Juvenal of 1478; a Tibullus of 1488; and, finally, Boccaccio's book *De Genealogia Deorum*, printed for the first time at Reggio, an edition of the rarest value.

The library of La Cava likewise possesses four hundred impressions in the black letter. In running over these works, an idea can be had of the variations undergone by that Gothic character, so pertinaciously adhered to for a long time, then all but universally abandoned. The Germans are the only people who have preserved an alphabet somewhat similar to the old-fashioned calligraphy.

In examining the earliest productions of the press, the curious are often surprised while turning over the leaves of books, the strong white paper of which, the even, neat, and clear type, is scarcely equalled by the best specimens of our own times, after all the myriad inventions and improvements of three centuries.

We have only to mention a few of the most beautiful paintings which adorn the quarters occupied by the abbot, and then bid adieu to La Cava.

We will do it briefly, mentioning,—

1. A *Sacra Famiglia* on wood, attributed to Raphael, and at least one of the finest productions of that school of smiles and sunbeams.

2. Two paintings by Pietro Perugino; viz. *The*

*Adoration of the Magi* and *The Resurrection of our Saviour*.

3. An *Assumption* by Andrea Sabatini of Salerno, a scholar of Raphael.

4. *Judith*, by Hundorst, better known as Gherardo delle Notti. According to the well-known style of this master, the whole scene is artificially illuminated from one point, and the effect is very striking.

5. *Jacob*, disguised as Esau, receiving the blessing of his aged father, by the same artist.

6. *The Burial of our Saviour*. The author is Jacopo da Ponte, commonly called Il Bassano.

7. *St. Jerome*, by Mattias, a Calabrian priest. There is in the convent a *St. Augustine*, by the same author, which we did not see, but it was represented to us as possessing great merit.

8. All these are admirable, more or less, for their particular perfections. But the writer will never forget the ecstasy of surprise and emotion with which he stood for a considerable time contemplating a *Mater Dolorosa*, by that gentle and feeling master, Carlino Dolce. The artist must have been possessed by a poetical desire to produce, living and breathing, the heavenly vision which existed in his imagination, and he has been half successful. In the features of the Blessed Mother there is a radiance of celestial beauty, tempered and *spiritualized* by noble, unaffected modesty, that is truly inimitable. The delicate form seems to stand out from the canvas, and the beautiful hands, which she holds joined



before her breast, are of such astonishing perfection, that the more they are examined, the more you are inclined to believe them real and not painted. The composition and finish of the drapery leave nothing to be desired.

But these are the minor beauties of the painting. The artist has contrived to give such a settled expression of resigned yet deep grief to the heavenly features of the bereaved Mother, to the eyes, to the mouth, and breast heaving with a long-drawn sigh which relieves not the heart, that the beholder inevitably feels the influence of sorrow in his own breast.

9. Another piece, the healthy and natural cast of which is very remarkable, is a *Judgment of St. Benedict*. It is by Albert Durer. A youthful monk, guilty of some flagrant transgression of the rules, is brought before the saint by another monk who stands as his accuser. St. Benedict is seated. His mild and charitable look is that of a man in whom paternal authority is directed by wisdom and virtue. Before him stands the young man, whose pale, unsettled features, downcast look, and timid attitude belie the exculpation which he attempts to deliver. By his side is another monk, of maturer years, whose hard and sunburnt countenance, though bearing the expression of severity, still make you believe him to act only from an honest sense of duty, while with pointing finger he shows the companion whose fault he is repeating to their superior. The last figure is that of a monk whose salient forehead,

and eyes vaguely turned towards the culprit, are a fine portrait of unconcerned curiosity, and contrast with the earnestness of the others. The distribution of light, the simplicity of composition, the nature and truthfulness of the parts, and, above all, the masterly execution of the heads, do immortal honor to the Nuremberg artist.

The monastery has been visited from time to time by several of the crowned heads and princes of Europe, and by nearly every *savant* who travelled as far as Pompeii; and amongst a vast number of celebrated names which we saw in a blank book on the library table, we remember to have observed that of Cardinal Mai, and the well-known handwriting of *Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford*.



## THE SOLDIER'S PURGATORY.

WHAT stirs the brake on the lonely hill,  
When the wayward evening breeze is still?  
What flickering beam shines forth and falls  
Midst the ruined pile of the castle walls?  
That flickering beam, so pale and damp,  
Is not the gleam of the fire-fly's lamp;  
And no mortal breath, when the breeze is still,  
Sighs through the leaves on the lonely hill.

That desert pile in the days of old  
Was filled with a crowd of warriors bold,  
And through its rocky halls the clang  
Of clashing sword and clinkier rang.  
But now the barren hill is green  
Over the spot where the mail-clad forms were seen,  
For round about the hill the sword  
And the ancient warrior's kingly power

Whisper soft of Vesper bell,  
The tombstone sleeps in the silent dell,  
A lonely band is seen to roam  
Through the rough, wooded of its ancient home,  
And though rarely we now see there  
The warrior's hall, a new to see,  
In the distance, where the sun is low,  
A solitary band is seen to go.

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Sighs through the leaves on the lonely hill.

That desert pile in the days of old  
Was filled with a crowd of warriors bold,  
And through its stately halls the clang  
Of clashing sword and buckler rang.  
But now the barren fig waves green  
O'er the spot where the mail-clad forms were seen,  
Its roots entwine around chiselled stones,  
And the ancient warrior's tombless bones.

When after toll of Vesper bell,  
The moonbeam sleeps in the silent dell,  
A ghastly band is seen to roam  
Through the roofless wards of its ancient home.  
But fiendish revelry sounds not there,  
The belated traveller's ear to scare;  
With noiseless tread they move along  
The unbending grass, a harmless throng.

And yet a fiery helmet glows  
Upon each pallid warrior's brows,  
And they drag the links of a heavy chain  
With weary step along the plain.  
Their breasts are harrowed with frequent sighs,  
And the big tear starts in their heaven-turned eyes,  
Then o'er their cheeks and hauberk rolls,—  
It springs from the depth of chastened souls.

And thus in grief shall they wander still,  
'Mid the shadowy pile, on the desert hill;  
From Vesper hour till Matin bell  
Awake the Monk in his lonely cell.  
Yet a time shall come when they'll cease to roam  
Through the roofless wards of their ancient home;  
When with hymns of joy, in robes of light,  
They will soar from the silence and gloom of night.

EZZELINO DA ROMANO, SURNAMED  
"THE CRUEL."

# ESSELYNO DA ROMANO, SURNAMED "THE CRUEL"

A CHARACTER OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

It is well known that the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet owes its origin to incidents which took place in the city of Verona, when

"Civil broils bred of an airy word  
By Capulet and Montague, disturbed  
The quiet of the town."

These rival factions were a subdivision of the two grand parties known as the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Verona thus divided was the first stage where Esselyno da Romano, one of the most notorious characters of his age, appeared before the world. Esselyno da Romano is represented as a man of no ordinary energies, but who by turning them to evil became the scourge of his contemporaries, and the enemy of humanity. Tradition describes him as the tyrant and the possessor of Italy have will worse. A more sum up his character.



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racter by calling him a son of the Devil, who did so much mischief that Marius, Sylla, Nero, and Caligula may be considered as merciful when compared to him.

"Ezzelino immanissimo tiranno  
 Che fia creduto figlio del Dimonio  
 Farà troncando i sudditi tal danno  
 E distruggendo il bel paese Ausonio  
 Che pietosi appo lui stati saranno  
 Mario, Silla, Neron, Cajo, ed Antonio."

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Dante, though a fellow-Ghibelline of our hero, describes in a certain part of the infernal regions a lake of boiling blood, from which the heads of such monsters of cruelty as Dionysius of Sicily and Alexander Phœreus are seen to emerge, only, however, to be pierced by the arrows of Centaurs ranging on the banks. While he is looking at them the sage Chilon, his guide, pointing to one of them, says: "Seest thou those horrid features, overshadowed by dark locks? 'Tis Ezzelino."

"E quella fronte che ha il pel così nero  
 E' Azzolino."

INFERNO, Canto XII.

It cannot but prove interesting to have a brief sketch of a person handled so unmercifully by such celebrated authorities, more especially as his chronicle furnishes an idea of matters and things during the thirteenth century, in the leading events of which he bore a prominent part.

Ezzelino da Romano, so called from the name of the village where he was born, began to rise into importance about the year 1225, when, uniting himself with Salinguerra, a famous desperado chief of those days, he appeared in Verona to reinforce the Montecchi, who had just driven out of the city Count Richard di San Bonifazio, head of the Cappelletti or Guelphs. The good services rendered by Ezzelino to this faction, gained him, in Verona, a little power, which he increased by his subtlety and boldness. He had frequent opportunities of signalizing himself on account of the unceasing broils between the cities of Lombardy and the Marca Trevigiana, torn by numerous factions, each division of which was headed by some warlike noble or ambitious adventurer, desirous to increase the fame of his house, and enlarge the number of his adherents. His first care was to expel from Verona the nobles who adhered to Count Richard, reducing their palaces and towers to ashes.

We find him soon after on horseback, at the head of his Veronese, crossing the country in the direction of Vicenza. Through the assistance of his brother, Alberico da Romano, who had some little power there, he entered the place, and the Veronese war-cry terrified the unwary Vicentines, who flew to arms and fought desperately in the streets and thoroughfares. Although the forces of Padua soon came to their assistance, Ezzelino defeated them with great slaughter; and having created Alberico

Governor of Vicenza, he returned to Verona proud of having detached a city from the Guelph party.

The Paduans, however, had not to wait long for an opportunity of retaliating upon Ezzelino. He had got into his possession the castle of Fonte, allied to the Paduans, but they fell upon him with such determination that he was compelled, much to his confusion, to retreat before their superior forces.

They got word soon after, that he had caused the city of Treviso, which had named him its citizen, to take arms and proceed against the Bishops of Feltre and Belluno, and that, putting himself at the head of the Trevisans, he had taken those two little towns. The Paduans exhorted the citizens of Treviso to get rid of Ezzelino, and not having succeeded, they formed a league against him with the Patriarch of Aquileja and the Marquis of Este, and marched towards Treviso, setting fire to everything they found on the way. Feltre and Belluno were finally given up to the aggressors, and Ezzelino was obliged to go and create mischief in some other quarter. He owed thenceforth a grudge to the Marquis Azzo D'Este, which time did not make him forget, as we shall see.

The old dissensions of Verona had not subsided yet, and they were stirred up anew by the election to the office of Governor of Giustiniani, a patrician of Venice, who not only recalled the exiled nobles, but received into the city Count Richard of San Bonifazio, head of the Capulet faction. The jealousy

of the Montecchi at this occurrence can be easily imagined. Ezzelino and his old associate, Salinguerra, blew the coals; and at their instigation, and with their assistance, Giustiniani was driven from the town, and the Count, with several of his adherents, was thrown into prison. The principal part of the Count's faction took refuge in the castle of San Bonifazio, where they elected a Governor, and implored the help of the commune of Padua. Every device they could think of was tried by the Paduans to coax or terrify Ezzelino and Salinguerra into the liberation of Count Richard, but in vain. They and the Marquis of Este, with other friends of the imprisoned nobleman, even begged that holy and learned preacher, Friar Anthony of Lisbon, better known afterwards under the title of St. Anthony of Padua, to induce the Veronese to set the Count free. Willing to do anything that might lead to restore peace among brothers, the good saint proceeded to Verona, and tried both reason and entreaty with the chief men of the city, showing them the direful consequences which would ensue from their refusing to release a prisoner obtained by means which they knew themselves to be fraudulent and unjust. His exhortations were cast to the wind on account of the state of exasperation in which all minds were at the time, so that after doing all that lay in his power, he left them, and returned again to Padua.

The effect of this unchristian obstinacy was, that not only the forces of Padua and the Marquis of

Este poured into the territory of Verona, but even Modena and Mantua were drawn into their side of the quarrel. Several towns and castles were reduced to ashes, and the tide of war rolled on to the very gates of Verona. Blind attachment to a favorite leader, and factious enmity, may account for many outrages, to one who understands the state of Italy in the middle ages, when every man was a warrior, every warrior's country was the town of his birth or adoption, and every town's code of honor the principles of its petty prince or baron. But even these meagre excuses cannot palliate the conduct of Ezzelino. He respected no laws, and cared for no standard, but served in the capacity of leader, man-at-arms, or cut-throat, the master whose influence he could use to the best advantage for the accomplishment of his private ends.

In the year 1232, Frederic II., Emperor of Germany, was in Ravenna. Having done his utmost on several occasions to sow dissension among the Italian commonwealths, and show his ingratitude towards the Pope, by whom he had been crowned, changing his tact with every change of fortune, but still getting worse as he grew older, this monarch deemed it his interest in the present year to maim and disable, as far as possible, the cities of Lombardy, which had formed a confederacy against him.

Ezzelino was among the foremost to aid, by his counsel and his arm, this plot designed for the ruin of his native country; and the foreign tyrant was

so much pleased with his advances, that he subsequently rewarded his zeal with the hand of an illegitimate daughter. One of the first acts of the infamous Ezzelino was to imprison Guido da Rho Podesta, or Governor of Verona, with the judges, and to give the city into the hands of the Count of Tyrol and other officers, who, accompanied by a hundred and fifty horsemen, besides a hundred cross-bow men, took possession of Verona in the Emperor's name. The reward of the traitor was the captaincy of a foreign force, at the head of which he resisted those of the confederates who opposed him, sacking and burning their towns and strongholds, besides giving them a warm reception whenever they showed their faces in the territory of Verona.

Division became so rife in Lombardy, and the two parties of the Imperials and Confederates so violent against each other, that Pope Gregory IX., who had changed his residence from Avignon again to Rome, and succeeded in quelling dissension there, resolved to try to open the eyes of the Lombards upon the danger to which the whole country was exposed by their interminable feuds. The manner in which the Pope set about completing his wise and pious purpose, is characteristic of those times when respect for religion, feudal fanaticism, and warlike passions were the elements which, mingling together, formed every man, and predominated over him by turns.

The Pope elevated to the honor of Envoy Apos-

tolie, and endowed with ample faculties, Fra Giovanni da Vicenza, of the order of St. Dominic, a man of acknowledged sanctity and persuasive eloquence, charging him to represent to the jealous cities of Lombardy, with words of heavenly unction, the grievous sins and the injury to their native land ensuing from their detestable brawls, and to exhort them to sincere repentance, and to the maintenance of the brotherly love nearly forgotten amongst them. Friar John was soon upon the field of battle. So great was the fame of his virtue and eloquence, that the inhabitants of Padua turned out in their best clothes to receive him; and having met him on the road between their city and Monselice, taking him up with great devotion, they put him on their *carroccio* or war-chariot, and drew him fairly into the town with loud demonstrations of joy. The good friar spoke to them, and afterwards to their troublesome neighbors, with such effect that even the Montagues of Verona promised to behave themselves better in future; and the wicked Ezzelino himself swore to all the holy father had ordered for their greater good. Several of the cities, at the suggestion of Friar John, gave liberty to those of different factions who were confined in their prisons, and made away with such parts of their statutes as had been the cause of civil contention. Encouraged by the beneficial effects of his mission, and desirous to give stability to the peace which had been obtained, Friar John, in concert with the principal chief-



tains and councils of the towns, appointed a day upon which all the communes should meet, for the general good and tranquillity. He chose for the rendezvous an extensive plain near the river Adige, four miles from Verona.

A great day for the cities of Lombardy was the Feast of St. Augustine, August 28th, 1233. The cities of Verona, Mantua, Brescia, Vicenza, Padua, and Treviso, had poured out their warriors in arms, and all their people—men, women, and children—in their gayest attire. Each population was preceded by the *carroccio* tastefully and gaudily arranged.

This *carroccio* was a large chariot on four wheels, surmounted by a mast, on the top of which was a golden apple, or some other device, and was destined to bear the standard of each little commonwealth. The chariots were decked with precious cloths of different colors. They were greatly in use in the thirteenth century, forming as it were the palladium of each town, whose inhabitants it preceded to the field, and by whom it was defended at every peril; for it was a lasting dishonor to a town to lose its *carroccio* in battle. Sometimes the chief-tain addressed his feudsmen from it, and sometimes even mass was celebrated on a portable altar erected upon it. (Vide Sismondi, and Muratori delle Antichità Italiane, Tom. I. P. 2, page 198.)

Multitudes had come to the great assembly from cities more distant than those mentioned above. The inhabitants of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, &c.,

appeared unarmed, preceded by their bishops, and walking barefoot in sign of penance. The most celebrated chieftains of the day were on the ground, and most conspicuous amongst them the Marquis of Este, the Signors of Comino, Ezzelino da Romano, and his brother Alberico. According to the chroniclers of the day, the number of people present was more than four hundred thousand, with no less than ten bishops.

Such a spectacle had rarely been seen in Italy before, and the circumstances of such an extraordinary assemblage must have inspired the worthy Dominican preacher with no common eloquence. From a platform sixty feet high, he harangued his immense audience, exhorting them in the name of God and the Holy Father to give to each other the kiss of peace, and forswear those fatal brawls which tended only to exhaust and weaken their country, until it became an easy prey to the watchful invader.

His words had an immediate effect upon every heart. The Guelph chieftain embraced the Ghibelline whom he had met on the field of battle, and armed to the teeth, three days before; the Capulet kissed the cheek of the Montague whom he would have run through the body, the preceding week, for "biting his thumb" at him; and even the people of Vicenza settled all quarrel with the Florentines, who the year previous had not only besieged their walls, but thrown into the town, by means of a machine, the carcase of a donkey as a compliment to

the inhabitants. The peace was mutually promised, agreed to, and stipulated by all parties, and the awful sentence of excommunication fulminated against him who should be the first to destroy so holy a work.

Friar John witnessed the successful result of his mission with unbounded satisfaction, and gratitude to God, who had effected it. That the peace might be still better established, he proposed to the assembled parties the marriage of Adelaide, daughter of Alberico da Romano, whose brother Ezzelino was the most conspicuous among the Ghibellines, to Prince Rinaldo, son of the Marquis of Este, chief of the Guelphs. This proposition was applauded by all, and the articles of the peace were inscribed and signed in a document which is still extant. (Vide Muratori, *Antiq. Ital.*)

Friar John had certainly arranged matters satisfactorily amongst the different populations which had listened to his address on the banks of the Adige; and had they been left quietly to themselves they would no doubt have remembered and kept his good advice. But many of the chieftains had only feigned a desire for a peace which would have deprived them of their favorite adventures, and the rich spoils which were their object. Hence it is that they only waited for a plausible pretext to destroy the universal reconciliation which had apparently been effected. New difficulties began to arise very soon, and only a few days passed before

several of the cities broke off from the compact at the instigation of these malicious advisers, and only a few months elapsed before all Lombardy was again in a blaze.

It was in vain that the good Dominican made every effort to compose these new dissensions. In vain did he reason with the turbulent princes, and urge them to maintain the stipulations so solemnly agreed upon at the famous meeting. Finding everywhere a deaf ear turned to his remonstrances, and seeing all his attempts fruitless, he retired to his convent in Bologna to meditate upon the instability of human affairs. If the pious father, through human weakness, had allowed some little sentiment of self-complacency to arise in his heart at the time of his great speech, and its wonderful effect upon the multitudes, he learned a lesson upon human nature, which must have been extremely useful to him in his after-life. It is unfortunate that he did not dictate in a form to be preserved, the oration which he had delivered to the Lombards, which must have been a rare specimen of popular eloquence, and his meditations upon the sequel of events that followed it, which would be probably no less instructive and entertaining.

Among the few documents relative to those extraordinary circumstances, which have been handed down to posterity, is a letter of Pope Gregory IX. to Friar John, wherein he expresses his entire satisfaction with his praiseworthy exertions, and consoles

him for their signal and utter failure to effect what they were intended for.

The quarrelsome Lombards paid dearly very soon after for violating promises so solemnly made ; and the chief cause of the misfortunes which befell them, was the incorrigible Ezzelino. This turbulent spirit could find no pleasure in a peaceable state of things, so unlike that of his younger days. His first iniquitous act was to create a renewal of civil war in Verona. But not satisfied with so small a scheme of mischief, he engaged in a far more perilous and treacherous enterprise, by writing to Frederic II., Emperor of Germany, exhorting him to pass the Alps and enter Lombardy at the head of a powerful army. Frederic was not slow in following the advice of his faithful adherent.

He resolved to carry war into the very heart of the country, to urge on and encourage its progress by his presence on the spot, and to strike at once at the strongest bulwarks of the national party. Whatever advantages his cause might have obtained in Lombardy, the two important cities of Milan and Brescia were yet unconquered, and their resistance to all the former efforts of his faction rankled in the mind of the proud Emperor. By the advice of Ezzelino he determined, upon his arrival in Italy, to attempt first the capture of Brescia as the easier to overcome of the two obnoxious cities.

A noble army bearing the Emperor's standard entered Verona in 1238. Several cities of Italy had

sent their forces to strengthen the German ranks. A number of Saracens had likewise been enlisted in his pay. But those who seem to have attracted the greatest share of admiration were a band of English warriors, armed at all points, and mounted on richly caparisoned steeds. They presented themselves to Frederic, offering him at the same time a large sum of money as a token of friendship from his kinsman Henry III. They were gallant fellows, these Island Knights, and would have liked better, although they said but little, to deal their blows on French mail, than to spend their lives in sacking and burning Italian hamlets, in the cause and quarrel of a foreign prince.

The imperial army, after having reduced the surrounding country to a howling desert, sat down before Brescia, strong in number, and well provided with the different machines of siege then in use, the Emperor being firmly resolved not to withdraw from the place before having planted the German standard on the towers of its citadel.

He had, however, no easy bone to contend for. The Brescians were distinguished among their neighbors for enterprise and perseverance, and understanding well that from Frederic and Ezzelino they had no mercy to hope for, they determined to fight to the last for their beloved city, and at least sell their lives at a price not soon to be forgotten. While the hostile army was advancing, they had furnished the town with all the stores necessary to

sustain a lengthened siege. It discouraged them in some measure to think that they were totally deprived of the warlike machinery which rendered the beleaguering army doubly formidable. But they were fortunately delivered from this exigency by an occurrence which they considered as a special interposition of Providence in behalf of their just cause.

Some of their people, while foraging in the vicinity for provisions, had entrapped a Spaniard on his way from Germany towards the imperial camp, and brought him prisoner into Brescia. This traveller was discovered to be a man of great acquirements in various branches, but above all a thorough adept in the art of constructing all manner of engines of war, offensive and defensive, and in the science of equipping and directing them, whatever their shape or calibre. His new entertainers were delighted at discovering so much knowledge in their unwilling visitor, and to show their high esteem for his talents they proposed at once to his choice, either to serve the ancient city of Brescia according to his craft, or to be set up as a target for their cross-bows. The good Castilian did not stand to deliberate, but applied himself lustily to work for his new employers, and with such efficacy that they were soon provided with wooden towers, battering-rams, *manganoes*, *trabuccos*, and other destructive implements for demolishing parapets, and hurling stones, as well as their adversaries.

The siege had been going on for some days, when

the detestable Frederic, irritated at the accuracy with which they aimed pieces of iron and heavy fragments of rock at his breast-works and machinery, which they broke and scattered, frequently killing the soldiers who managed them, had recourse to the expedient of bringing several Brescian prisoners from Cremona, and tying them to his engines, so that their friends and relatives might be obliged to desist from further attempts, or kill their unfortunate kinsmen in the act. It is not certain whether the besieged were driven by despair to continue their defence as before, or whether they desisted from battering the imperial works at so fearful a sight. But goaded on, and belabored so piteously by the unfeeling adversary, they retaliated on his cruel device, stringing up by the heels the numerous Germans they had in their possession, and exposing them all along the outside of the ramparts to the strokes of their brutal Emperor.

What irritated Frederic still more were the sorties which these shrewd and daring Italians effected at intervals on his troops, retiring into the gates of their stronghold almost before the heavy Germans knew where the blows came from. These sorties were of great damage to the imperial army.

It is recorded, especially, that on the night of October 9th, while the soldiers were sleeping away the fatigues of the day in the camp, the Brescians, led out by their chieftains, contrived to get near the place where Frederic lay, without being observed by



the German guards. They roused the guards with terrific shouts, and, rushing upon them simultaneously, opened their way towards the imperial tent, killing or disabling every one who opposed them. The Emperor, with great difficulty, escaped being taken prisoner on this occasion, to the no small regret of the Brescians.

He soon became disgusted with the siege. Every effort against the town proved unsuccessful, and seemed only to increase the daring of the citizens. It became unsafe even to walk at any distance from the camp. While the Emperor had collected all his forces in the design of overwhelming Brescia, the Milanese, seeing the country clear, spread their armed men over the neighborhood, giving a severe lesson to several of the towns where Frederic had been well received. They even bearded the Emperor in his own quarters. For, having learned from the scouts, whom they always kept on the alert, that a certain part of the imperial lines was rather negligently guarded, on account of the security afforded by its position, they equipped a band of the hardiest adventurers in their service, who, coming unexpectedly upon the vulnerable point, attacked it so desperately as to force it under the nose of the Emperor, and throw themselves into the town to reinforce its heroic garrison.

At length, seeing that all his endeavors to carry the place were fruitless, he set fire to his machines, and sullenly drew off his army, retreating towards

Cremona. This event seriously injured the reputation of Frederic II., and increased the glory of the free city of Brescia, which celebrated his departure with becoming exultation.

Our hero, Ezzelino, never cared to work under a superior, however he might value his assistance or protection. Leaving, therefore, the Emperor at an early period to wear out the lives of his men and his own patience under the walls of Brescia, he had engaged in a scheme of his own, which had for its object the conquest of the rich and powerful city of Padua. Ezzelino effected its capture by an adroit use of the fear excited by the presence in Italy of Frederic and his powerful army, and by means of a treacherous correspondence which he kept up with the Ghibelline faction in the city. The city had no sooner fallen into the power of the imperial party, than Ezzelino made himself its Governor. He inflicted a cruel revenge upon the inhabitants, for their constant adherence to the Guelphs, and the trouble they had formerly given him.

The indignities which he committed against the best and most noble citizens, procured a number of enemies for him and his party, so that a secret invitation was sent to the Marquis of Este, to come and deliver Padua from the tyrant and his German satellites. The brave Marquis accepted, perhaps too hastily, the invitation thus tendered to him, and moved rapidly towards Padua, in hopes that his friends would open one of its gates to him, as they

had promised. But in place of this he came upon Ezzelino, who was in readiness for him, and who gave him a reception as warm as it was unexpected. This terrified his followers so much that, struck with a sudden panic, they deserted their ensigns almost to a man, and the Marquis owed the preservation of his life to his horse, that bore him nobly beyond the reach of danger. The Marquis resolved to be more cautious for the future, in his proceedings with the Ghibellines, a purpose which afterwards saved him more than once from their toils.

Ezzelino, as a reprisal, occupied the town of Este, and its garrison, a few days afterwards, was filled with Germans and Saracens. He also made an attempt to storm Montagnana, another feud, which he hoped to carry as easily as that of Este. But the people resisted him with great determination; and even set fire, in broad daylight, to a tower under which he was at the time, and from which he made a very narrow escape. He retired from before the town, and returned to Padua.

Ezzelino had the honor of giving a splendid reception there to Frederic and his suite, and of spending nearly two months with him and the Empress, in the monastery of Santa Justina. They passed their time in hunting, and in taking long walks over the surrounding country, which abounds in beautiful and romantic scenery. A venerable Italian chronicler tells us, with pardonable indignation, that "these two subjects, to wit, Emperor Frederic and Messer

Ezzelino, were perhaps the two greatest generals, and without a doubt the two greatest scoundrels of their day and life-time. For one was a beast of an infidel, and the other was known to hold familiar intercourse with the devil." It would be interesting, perhaps, though not edifying, to have an outline of the conversations held by two worthies of this description, amidst some of the most charming tracts of the most beautiful country in the world. We are informed that their time was chiefly employed in devising plans for the destruction of Azzo, Marquis of Este, whom Ezzelino styled "the head of the serpent, against which the first strokes should be directed, in order to have an easy victory over the body." *Ferendus est serpens in capite, ut corpus facilius devincatur*. He alluded to the serpent in the coat of arms of the House of Este, and the Guelph party, of which the Marquis was the chief.

They soon began to work upon this principle, and their first step was to send a friendly invitation to the Marquis, to wait upon the emperor in Padua. Although willing to take part in any proceedings which might tend to allay their animosities, the Marquis refused to move, unless a safe-conduct were given to him in the Emperor's name, and signed by the imperial hand.

Having received this, he went to Padua, accompanied by several of his adherents. The bad faith of the Ghibellines soon began to show itself. The Emperor had the castle of the Marquis quietly sur-

rounded by German outposts. Soon after, under some specious pretext, he secured the person of Rinaldo, son of the Marquis, and kept him as a hostage. The malicious Ezzelino placed numerous spies near his visitor during his stay in Padua, and was informed by them of the names and quality of the persons with whom he had intercourse, in order to punish them, as he afterwards did, by exile, imprisonment, or death. The wary Marquis was continually on the alert, and he soon had more than mere suspicions to make him mistrust his adversaries; for he learned that Frederic had resolved, and even given directions to have him taken out of the way. He forefended the stroke by leaving Padua secretly, and without notice. Once out of the lion's den, he rallied his followers, and collecting all the forces he could, he marched boldly upon Este, and other towns occupied by the enemy, reducing them once more into his power. This rapid and fortunate movement caused the death of every one in Padua, who was a friend of the Marquis, or whom Ezzelino chose to consider as such.

The cruelty of this chief increased as he became older. An unguarded word, a vague suspicion, a groundless accusation, was enough for him to cast his unhappy victims into the horrid dungeons, erected by his order in every town where he obtained command. The architect who served him was the first to die in one of these prisons, when its erection was completed. He burned the towers and

palaces of the nobles who failed to obtain his favor ; tormented and maimed in the most frightful manner their owners, frequently ordering their limbs to be cast into the fire before their eyes.

He made various attempts to establish his sway in several cities hostile to Frederic, among the rest, but without success, in Parma and Belluno. The lamentations of the unfortunate Paduans, lay and clerical, groaning under his iron yoke, became so loud that in 1248, Pope Innocent IV. excommunicated him, as he had done already with the profligate and ambitious Frederic. Ezzelino, in place of being humbled by the sentence, as the Pope expressly desired, became worse and worse. He continued his assassinations and imprisonments, strengthened his forces, and seeing the power of Frederic decline with his health, he formed the project of adding to the proud title of *Signor of Padua*, which he had assumed, the command over other cities, and domineering in his own name. He took and sacked the little city of Monselice, and forced its citadel, deemed impregnable, to capitulate. It is said that some of the machines which he employed on this occasion, heaved stones of twelve thousand pounds weight, a circumstance which may be deemed incredible.

Frederic II. died in 1250. After having afflicted the church like his grandfather Frederic Barbarossa, he came to a similarly unfortunate end, although he is believed to have previously repented of his misdeeds. We have only alluded to him, where his

history comes in contact with that of Ezzelino, his friend and fellow-bandit.

Monte and Araldo, two nobles of Monselice, accused as traitors, having been brought to Padua, and loudly protesting that they were not such, Ezzelino, who was at dinner, came out at the noise, and refused to listen to any explanation or defence. Monte, driven almost to insanity by his hopeless condition, rushed wildly at the tyrant, threw him to the ground, and being unarmed himself, searched Ezzelino's person for a dagger, but at the moment he too was unarmed. Monte having grappled him by the throat, was making a desperate effort to choke him. Both Monte and Araldo, however, were cut to pieces by the soldiers of Ezzelino, who narrowly escaped with his life, and was confined to his bed for several days in consequence of the wounds inflicted upon him by Monte's teeth and nails. Had he not been found unarmed, that would have been the last day of his life.

The complaints of the wretched Paduans, the remonstrances of the Marquis of Este, and the entreaties of the whole nation against this horrible man, became so loud, that Pope Alexander IV., as the common father, could no longer refuse his assistance towards delivering the country from so great an evil. Accordingly, he created Philip, Archbishop elect of Ravenna, Legate Apostolic in the Marca Trevigiana, who published a crusade against Ezzelino, as an enemy of his religion and his country. He

collected an army in Venice, composed partly of Paduan refugees; and notwithstanding the efforts of Ansedisio, nephew to Ezzelino, and Governor of Padua in his name, he took all the fortified places in the vicinity, and finally stormed a gate of the city itself. While the crusaders were battering the gate, the besieged poured down upon their machines such a large quantity of hot rosin, sulphur, pitch, and other combustibles, that the gate itself caught fire and was reduced to ashes, affording an easy entrance to the aggressors. They were soon in possession of the city, and threw open the gloomy dungeons of Ezzelino, thus giving freedom to an incredible number of victims of his cruelty, who could scarcely be recognised by their relatives, so haggard and spectre-like was their appearance.

Ezzelino, who was then marauding on the territory of Mantua, moved in the direction of Padua, at the news of its being besieged. At the ford of the Minicio a man stood before him, covered with dust and sweat. "What news?" said the tyrant. "Bad! Padua is lost." Ezzelino ordered the messenger to be hanged instantly, and proceeded onward. Meeting another messenger, he asked the same question: "What news?" He answered that, by his good leave, he would wish to speak to him in private. This second man was more prudent than his forerunner, and departed unharmed. Ezzelino pressed forward without giving his weary soldiers a moment's rest. On arriving at Verona, a sudden sus-



picion crossed his mind regarding the faith of the Paduans who accompanied him. He instantly ordered them to be arrested, deprived of all they had, and inclosed in the famous amphitheatre of that city, where, with unexampled barbarity, the greater part of them were murdered on the spot. The others died of suffering and starvation, so that out of nearly twelve thousand, between nobles and plebeians, not more than two hundred ever found their way back to Padua.

The pontifical army had been reinforced by several commanders—among others, by the famous Friar John, at the head of a band of merry Bolognese, and by Alberico da Romano, who, though a most cruel and lawless bandit himself, was scarcely ever on peaceful terms with his brother Ezzelino. The latter was driven from before Padua, and retreated, burning with shame and rage, to Verona, where he consoled himself by torturing to death his nephew, Ansedisio, for having lost Padua. The Paduans passed a decree, which is still extant, ordering the happy liberation of their city from so cruel an oppressor to be solemnized every year by a general procession, accompanied with hymns of gratitude to the Almighty—a festival which, if report be true, is continued down to the present day. It would be long to narrate the intrigues through which Ezzelino succeeded in obtaining command of the noble city of Brescia. The events which led to it may be all reduced to one cause—the accursed discord of the

Guelphs and Ghibellines, which rendered an easy prey to a domestic tyrant, the same town which had defied the whole imperial army, with the proud Frederic at its head. Philip, Archbishop of Ravenna, made every attempt in his power to prevent Ezzelino from entering Brescia, but he was defeated and taken prisoner himself. Having been brought into the presence of the tyrant, he was asked by Ezzelino how he expected to be treated. Philip replied, in a calm and steady voice, "*With the honors usually given to a Legate of our Holy Father, the Pope ;*" an answer which caused even the haughty Ezzelino to respect him during his confinement.

Brescia was doomed to suffer the tyranny of so cruel a master only for a short time. Buoso da Doara and the Marquis Oberto Pelavicino, who, from friends and allies of the tyrant, had become his most bitter foes on account of his treacherous attempts against them, were on the banks of the river Oglio with the forces of Cremona, as well as Azzo d'Este with those of Ferrara and Mantua. Ezzelino, having bribed and bought over several of the nobles of Milan, had attempted to carry that city, but was rebutted by Martino della Torre. A similar attempt had been likewise made against Monza, which also failing, Ezzelino found himself in the midst of a hostile country, with deep and rapid rivers between him and Brescia; and he heard that his old enemy, the Marquis of Este, had fortified the

bridge of Cassano, having scattered the detachment left there by Ezzelino. He resolved to make a desperate attempt to force this pass, and gain the opposite bank.

It is said that a devil had predicted to him that he would die at *Assano*. Now Ezzelino kept always a number of astrologers in his pay, and had great faith in devils and witches; but interpreting this for the city of Bassano, near which he was born, he had wisely resolved to keep away from it for the future. He trembled at the mention of Cassano. His onslaught upon the people of the Marquis was so violent, that his followers had all but carried the bridge, when an arrow, discharged at random by a Guelph cross-bow man, pierced deeply into his left foot. This accident spread a panic through his army, which he was compelled to draw back to Vimercato, where, having had his wound opened and the arrow extracted, he bravely mounted horse again, resolved to push forward towards the Adda, across a shallow part of which he conducted his men. He had already reached the opposite shore, but his foes had regulated their movements so accurately that the forces of Cremona, under Buoso and Oberto, and those of Ferrara and Mantua, under the Marquis of Este, bore upon him simultaneously, and fairly brought him to a stand. Though hemmed in upon all sides, he did not lose his wonted ardor; but in the very moment of danger, the Brescians gave rein to their horses, and saved themselves by flight. In vain did

he attempt to keep his men together, and effect a retreat in good order towards Bergamo. The allies attacked his disbanded troops, making a great number of prisoners.

Ezzelino, belabored on all sides, fought with the fury of a tiger, covered with blood, and in the midst of a circle of dead bodies; and at length, finding himself nearly alone, he furiously put spurs to his horse, and made a desperate effort to escape. He was, however, pursued and overtaken by a large number of horsemen, who made him prisoner. The same instant, a soldier, whose brother had been mutilated by order of Ezzelino, struck him on the head and wounded him thrice in revenge. Others say that he was thus wounded before his capture, in an encounter with Mazzoldo dei Lavelonghi, a Guelph nobleman of Brescia.

The day on which this memorable victory, which gladdened the heart of all Italy, took place, was the feast of Sts. Cosmas and Damian; September 27th, in the year of grace 1259. The people crowded upon the road by which he was conveyed to Soncino, all being desirous of seeing the man whom the stoutest soldier had never approached hitherto without trembling. To one of the many who, covering him with reproaches and insults, threatened moreover to finish him, he turned with eyes of fire, and a frown of his dark brow: "And wouldst thou have courage (he said) to lay thy hands upon Ezzelino?" The growl of the caged lion was sufficient to strike terror

into the heart of the man, and of all the bystanders.

He soon reached Soncino, where he was protected from further injury by the noble Marquis of Este, who provided him with surgeons, and commanded that every attention and respect should be paid to him. His wounds, however, were so deep as to baffle the skill of his attendants. He refused to partake of any food, and without giving any sign of repentance, he died some days after, in the seventieth year of his age, rejecting even the consolations of religion.

His brother Alberico was put to death the year after, together with all his sons, in force of a barbarous sentence suggested by the fear, that if even a scion remained of so evil a race, it would one day grow up to be the curse of the country.

So, to the unspeakable relief of all Italy, perished Ezzelino *il Crudele*, or the Cruel, who, endowed with great military genius, might have been a hero, and chose to be the scourge of his country, and the detestation of posterity. His shrewdness was equal to his cruelty; for at a glance he read the deepest secrets of the heart, and was known to scrutinize and study every face upon which he turned his gaze. He was of athletic mould, and gifted with nerves like whip-thongs and sinews of iron. His hair and eyebrows were dark and bushy, his features pale but marked with extraordinary expression, and his eyes like those of the viper. There is a portrait of him in

the Pitti Gallery at Florence, worthy the study of the traveller.

He was so wantonly cruel, that sometimes, on the capture of a town, he would order all the inhabitants to be deprived of their legs, or arms, or noses, or otherwise shamefully mutilated. Having heard that a quantity of blind and disabled persons, who went around begging through the Italian cities, asserted that they had been reduced to that state by Ezzelino, he issued a proclamation inviting those unhappy poor to present themselves to him, with the assurance that they would be nourished and provided for. Three thousand miserable wretches came to him, whom he enclosed in a large building, ordering it to be set on fire, so that the whole number perished in the flames.

He had great faith in magic and judicial astrology, an imposition very prevalent in those days, although its practices were forbidden under severe penalties. While he was moving against the city of Feltre, it is said that a magpie hovering around his banner, finally rested upon it. Whether that he considered the fact a good omen, or felt a kindred sympathy for that bird of prey, Ezzelino was delighted with the animal, which was so tame as to allow itself to be caught, and ordered the friendly pie to be conveyed to Padua, and delicately nourished.

But it is time to close this sketch of the life of this famous chieftain—the most inhuman of those numerous Italian warriors of the middle ages, whose

science and valor might have made them a blessing to their beautiful country, but who plunged it deeper and deeper into those feuds which finally, by destroying the resources of its vitality, rendered it an easy prey to the grasping stranger.

THE END OF DAWN, THE ANCHOR



**LEGEND OF DANIEL THE ANCHORET.**

## LEGEND OF DANIEL THE ANCHORET.

DANIEL the anchorite lived in prayer and he  
grieved over the evil times upon which his life  
had fallen. The master of God has gone from the  
earth and returned to heaven. So the anchorite  
wages there near the throne and performs not the  
virtue of earth. There is no one to guide the soul  
of a beginner, as the teacher is in the power of the  
Lord. There is no clarity but upon the earth  
and there is no light. The soul and the heart  
the little soul that dwells below the heavens  
and he says in his heart that he is unworthy to  
the crown of light and the crown of glory. So  
he says, and the holy men become suddenly aware of  
a terrible world, a burning world, and a world  
of sorrow. The presence of the presence of the presence of  
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## LEGEND OF DANIEL THE ANCHORET.

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DANIEL the anchorēt knelt in prayer, and he grieved over the evil times upon which his lot had fallen. “The charity of God has gone from the earth and returned to heaven. She has folded her wings there near the throne, and purposes not to visit earth again. There is no one to yield the tear of sympathy, or the mite of relief to the poor of the Lord. There is no charity left upon the earth,” said Daniel the Anchorēt. He rose and trimmed the little lamp that hung before his favorite shrine, and its rays lit up his cell with unwonted splendor. The stream of light seemed suddenly to grow into shape, and the holy man became suddenly aware of a jewelled sandal, a flowing robe, and a snowy wing, revealing the presence of an angel close by his side. He would have prostrated himself to venerate the messenger of God; but the angel forbade him, and motioned him to take his staff and sally forth from the hermitage. “Follow me and I will show thee one who hath true charity for the poor.”

The Anchoret folded his mantle about him, and bending his head he followed the angel whithersoever he would lead. They went on until they entered the outskirts of the neighboring town, and there the angel stopped before an humble cottage and disappeared, leaving the Anchoret to contemplate the scene before him, and learn wisdom from what he might see. Blocks of marble and slabs of travertine, rough-shapened by the chisel, lay scattered round about, showing that the occupant of the cottage followed the craft of a stone-dresser. The craftsman himself was seated in front of his door under a canopy formed by a luxuriant vine, now laden with bunches of purple grapes. Some ragged little children, and a few aged persons nearly all blind or crippled, were grouped around the stonemason, whose name, it appeared from the conversation overheard by Daniel, was Eulogius. He was instructing and encouraging his listeners to love God, be thankful to him for his mercies, and resigned to the trials and privations which had fallen to their share. It became clear from the parting blessings of the poor, that they were to see him again on the morrow, and furthermore that he was in the habit each day of gathering them around him and distributing among them all his earnings not strictly necessary to supply his own simple wants. The Anchoret was charmed and edified beyond measure by all he had seen and heard. He rejoiced exceedingly and gave thanks to God. Here,

then, was one true friend of the poor. But oh ! he began to think, what a pity it is that one who is so great of heart should be so poor himself, and able to do so little good. His charity is indeed unbounded ; but his means, alas ! are not equal to his good will. And straightway the holy man betook himself to prayer, and he begged of God that the generous artisan might become rich and great ; for if he was so liberal in a condition bordering upon indigence, he would be much the more liberal with unlimited resources subject to his command. The angel appeared again to the Anchorite. "Thy prayer, O Daniel, is not a wise one ; it were not well for Eulogius to become rich." But Daniel could not help thinking of the greater number of poor who would be relieved, and of the splendid example the virtuous and frugal Eulogius would give to other rich men, were he indeed to become rich himself. He continued to pray that his wish might be granted, and in the fervor of his zeal he pledged himself to God as security for the good use his fellow-servant would make of wealth and power were they to become his portion.

So, then, God granted the prayer of the Anchorite, and he ordained that Eulogius, while hewing stone from the side of a hill, displaced a mass of loose fragments and earth, which took his feet from under him and threw him upon the ground. Eulogius was terrified ; but when the noise was over, and the dust had cleared away, he rose and saw lying at his feet

a huge lump of pure shining gold. He was rich, and that neighborhood saw him no more, for taking with him his wonderful treasure, he went to the court of Justin the Elder, and became a great general of the empire.

Several years were passed and gone, and Daniel the Anchorite still continued to trim the little lamp that burned before the shrine in the mountain cave, which he had chosen for his cell. His head was now bent, his step was slower and less firm as he went down the mountain side to visit and console the neighboring poor, whom he loved so much. The old man's thoughts were fixed upon the future. His long hair and venerable beard were tufted with white,—“crests,” he would say, “upon the wave of time about to break upon the shore of eternity.” It chanced one night about this season that Daniel had knelt long in prayer, when it seemed to him to behold the throne of God suddenly erected as for a solemn judgment about to take place, and the culprit summoned before the awful presence of the Judge was (but oh! how changed from his former self!), the stone-dresser Eulogius. Daniel, likewise, to his infinite sorrow and dismay was called to appear by the side of him for whose good conduct he had pledged himself as security, in his inconsiderate zeal to promote the welfare of the poor. O what a dark catalogue of sins was brought forward against the unfortunate culprit. He had used the gold, miraculously put within his reach, to purchase

the servants of the aged Emperor Justin, and gain access to his favor. He had been made, by means of bribery and corruption, the chief of a great army; and he had outstripped all the soldiery in excesses of every kind, in the same proportion as he rose above them in power. He had robbed the churches and pillaged the cloisters, and finally had joined one Pompey, and one Hypatius, in a conspiracy to take the life of the Emperor Justinian, who had succeeded Justin on the throne.

Daniel was not able to hear or see more, but weeping bitterly he fell prostrate on his face in the presence of God, and begged him to bring Eulogius back to his former condition, and to release him from a pledge that had proved so injurious for both parties concerned.

The angel bore to the foot of the throne the prayer of the aged servant of God, whose heart was filled with grief and bitter remorse, and the request it contained was again mercifully granted. The conspiracy in which Eulogius was implicated came to be discovered, his accomplices were brought to justice, and he narrowly escaped with his life. He did penance for his sins, returned to his former obscurity, worked again at his craft as a stone-dresser, and in time resumed the practice of alms-giving, which he had changed in an evil hour for deeds of rapine and plunder. Thus the good angel guardian of Daniel the Anchorite succeeded at length in con-

vincing him that avarice but too often hardens the heart of wealth, thus disturbing the order of God's providence on earth, and that the poor are not unfrequently the best friends of the poor.



## THE RUINED CASTLE.



## THE RUINED CASTLE.

"Mors etiam saxis nominibusque venit!"—RUTILIUS.

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A CROWN of broken towers and roofless walls,  
Sits on the brow of yon funereal hill,  
The spacious courts and tessellated halls  
Which blithe and busy groups were wont to fill  
In olden time, lie tenantless and still.  
There from its lance the flaunting standard hung,  
The mellow bugle smoothed the forest rill,  
Or louder notes from brazen trumpet rung,  
And suddenly to arms a thousand warriors sprung.

Down from the neighboring heights in martial pride  
Rank after rank upon yon meadow poured,  
And quickly drawn in bright array defied  
The warriors of the Castle and their Lord.  
Along the glittering line they draw the sword,  
Resolved yon iron portals to unlock.  
With savage joy the Fiend of Battle roared  
While legions rushed and with terrific shock  
Were crushed and broken there as waves on ocean rock.

Oh! who may tell how oft with swelling heart—  
The chieftain paced that towering battlement,  
Defying time or warfare's rudest art  
To shake the pillars of his tenement.  
He fondly dreamed, though ages should be spent,  
'Twould still be sounded by the trump of fame  
That ever first in joust and tournament,  
And first the prize in sterner war to claim,  
Stood forth the warriors good whose watchword was his name.

And where is now the marvel of his age,  
Where is the train of flatterers ever by—  
The iron guardsman and the silken page?  
Entombed beneath a sunless soil they lie,  
The leader with his meanest vassal nigh,  
Without a stone to grace his narrow bed,  
Without a token of his memory,  
Save thrown up by the wondering rustic's spade,  
Some helmet, mouldering bone, or old rust-eaten blade.

Go ask, what ranks his lordly standard led,  
When was it borne in triumph o'er the meads,  
Who were the brave that 'neath his falchion bled,  
What minstrel's lute rehearsed his mighty deeds—  
And boast when finding who thy riddle reads!—  
Go ask who bid this princely mansion grow,  
Whence brightest glory to its name proceeds,  
Who was the traitor-friend or vengeful foe  
That shook its massy walls and laid its towers low.

And yet, proud mansion, 'twas no vulgar mind  
Sketched the bold outlines of thy noble plan.  
To build thee up vast treasures were resigned,  
And oft the stranger lingered here to scan  
Thy riches, while long hours unheeded ran.

What proofs of art and labor met his view,  
Sublimest essays of ingenious man!

What mimic forms arose, in mould and hue  
So truth-like, speech was all they wanted to be true!

Methinks I see upon the spacious floor  
Or noble wall the lettered marble shine  
That told the date when King or Prince of yore  
Had with his presence graced those halls of thine.  
Or bore the Hero's well-remembered sign  
Whose glaive had laid some robber-chieftain low,  
Or which mayhap was chiselled to consign  
To each succeeding age as time should flow,  
The name of Knight or Bard whose ashes slept below.

And while I listen, through the brilliant hall  
Methinks right merry strains are swelling yet,  
Upon mine ear the mingled voices fall  
Of high-born dames and knightly galliards met  
In yearly mirth for some gay festival—  
Meanwhile the Captive from his living tomb  
Now listens and now turns him to recall  
His own delights ere life had lost its bloom,  
Now weeps he for his spouse—his babe—his distant home.

The curious eye could from thy towers survey  
A princely villa 'round those walls outlaid,  
Still further on the hamlet by the way  
The distant fields and hills their charms displayed.  
Now nature's simple views the gaze delayed,  
With wood and lawn and grazing herds of deer;  
Now comelier scenes by tasteful art portrayed,  
Showed fount and bower and flowery parterre,  
Nor were such charms alone War's grim abode to share.

When over open moor or wooded park  
The rival huntsmen struggled for renown  
At eventide amidst the neigh, the bark,  
And voice that made the day's adventures known,  
Proudly the spoils of sylvan war were shown !  
Or when a band came home from sterner war  
The groaning bridge was slowly lowered down,  
Right merrily the victors clattered o'er.  
Oh, long-forgotten sports, and honors now no more !

What now remains of all the gorgeous pile  
Whose frowning towers o'erawed the plains around :  
Of camp and court alternate, that erewhile  
Filled it with life and splendor, what is found ?  
Ah ! lacking e'en a title's empty sound,  
Though once held sacred to undying fame,  
Here from their ancient Lord's sepulchral ground  
The traveller's glance these hoary ruins claim  
To tell, all he may know, where stood the giant frame.

The stately tower has fallen to the ground,  
The solid ramparts yield to slow decay,  
And nettles cluster where his morning round  
The steel-clad wardour trode in ancient day.  
In every breeze rank pensile vine-shoots play  
Across the roofless wall. The viper now  
Crawls in the vault where erst the prisoner lay ;  
And through the turf once seen perhaps to glow  
With not ignoble gore, the rustic speeds his plough.

And yet when hither from some distant hill  
You turn your eye at twilight's pensive hour  
You start to see how flitting hazes fill  
The gap of ages—how the broken tower,

The sunken arch, and falling portals lour  
In sullen grandeur, through the deepening gloom,  
Until deceived by Fancy's magic power,  
While musing on the warrior's ancient home  
You half neglect to mark his desecrated tomb.

Alas! the night-winds moan through hall and room  
Where power was throned, and beauty loved to dwell;  
And lightnings glimmer 'mid the tempest's gloom  
Upon the naked hearth where rose and fell  
The light of glowing embers cheering well  
The seated group. Else to no sound ye hark  
Save the bat flitting o'er the moonlit dell,  
Or echoes waked by guardian mastiff's bark,  
Or melancholy owl complaining through the dark.

Oh thou whoe'er this lonely way mayest tread,  
Rest, rest thine eye upon that silent heap.  
Each stone could tell a legend of the dead!  
Here may the hermit soul its vigils keep.  
No rumbling wains along the highway creep,  
No din of cities wakes the encircling wold;  
And sober contemplation here, where sleep  
In their cold tomb the mighty ones of old,  
May hear in words like these, the worth of glory told:

From those who tenant this forgotten earth,  
Yet burned erewhile with Chivalry's proud flame,  
Learn that the blazon of ancestral worth,  
The crested helm and shield of feudal fame,  
Are not enough to consecrate a name,  
And save its glory from the common doom.  
Learn that even though through War's terrific game,  
Upon your brow the Conqueror's wreath should bloom,  
Its light will not dispel the shadows of the tomb.

"Then let a nobler pride exalt thy mind,  
And earn the blessings earth and heaven bestow,  
Or him whose labors benefit mankind,  
Know that the good alone are great—and know  
Virtue alone is deathless here below."

These useful truths 'neath Fancy's magic sway  
In soft and pensive numbers seem to flow,  
Blent with the whisperings of yon wavy spray  
With the low murmuring breeze that sighs along the way.



There is a certain mystery about the  
 history of the bandit of Velletri, and  
 it is not known whether he is still  
 at large or whether he has been  
 captured. The story is very  
 strange, and it is not known  
 whether it is true or false. The  
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# THE BANDIT OF VELLETRI.



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THE first time I heard the name of "Barbone," the Bandit of Velletri, was under circumstances calculated to leave a portrait of this strange man vividly daguerreotyped upon one's fancy. I was enjoying a pedestrian excursion along the Appian way with a number of fellow-collegians, and after having walked for some hours, we finally halted near a fountain by the roadside, not far distant from the well known village of L'Ariccia. When we took up our line of march again, a priest who was the chief of the party, said, "This fountain is celebrated among other things, for what happened here to the outlaw 'Barbone.'" At our request our friend proceeded to give us an account of the occurrence to which he had alluded, accompanied with other details concerning the chief actor, with whom he had been personally acquainted. The moral of the story is a good one, for it goes to show how a whole lifetime may be rendered miserable by a first step falsely or imprudently taken, and also how great

are the evils which flow from keeping bad company.

Francesco Annibali was a blacksmith in the town of Velletri, at the time of the occupation of Rome by the troops of the French Republic under General Berthier. He was a young man of a quiet and peaceful disposition, and his neighbors had no special remark to pass upon him, unless that he was a person of very few words, and excessively fond of spending his spare time shooting through the neighboring forest called "La Fajuola." The regulations introduced by the French were very stringent on the subject of keeping and bearing fire-arms, and still more so in reference to the sale and purchase of gunpowder. The Velletrani are proverbially of a fiery and even quarrelsome disposition, and under the French authorities a license was required, and not easily granted, for having in a private house so much as a simple fowling-piece, and even when this was obtained, so many signatures and *visats* were necessary that it was next to impossible to procure enough of powder to load it.

The penalties in case of infraction of the law were dictated by the spirit which prevails in a state of siege, and were accordingly of extreme severity. It is needless to say how much this state of things galled Francesco and his brother Nimrods of Velletri, to whom a day in the woods was the most genial of all recreations.

One day Francesco had been out gunning with a

neighbor in the Fajuola, when after a short time their scanty stock of ammunition gave out, and they were compelled to bend their steps homeward in a sorrowful mood, while the sun was still high in the heavens, and they had bagged only a beggarly account of game. Now while they were walking along in silence side by side, who should come in sight upon the road leading from Rome to Velletri, but Padron Meo (Master Bartholomew), a bandy-legged old fellow, who filled the office of Postino. The business of Meo was to go from Velletri twice a week to Albano, where he did little commissions for the men, and made purchases in a small way for the women, bringing down also once a week any letters there might be for people in Velletri. The companion of Francesco, after they had recognised Meo, remarked that the old fellow was no doubt provided with abundance of the very thing they needed so much—powder. The thought occurred to Francesco that perhaps the Postino might be induced to sell them some, and awaiting his approach, they tried to prevail upon him to do so. But it was no use. He would not run the risk of breaking the law, even to oblige two old neighbors, nor would he be coaxed to give it, or lend it, or drop it and let them find it by accident, or evade in any other ingenious manner the decree that had gone forth against selling powder without license to the vender, and permit to the purchaser. The young men argued that the law was a new and an unjust one, but Meo

declined discussing the subject on logical grounds. But the next argument made him open his eyes a little wider than usual—for it did not rest on a philosophical distinction. They told him that they were two, and he only one! They forgot to recite a *Pater noster*, dwelling strongly on the petition “lead us not into temptation,” and the consequence was that, what he would not consent to give, they took without his consent. Each helped himself to one pound of prime gunpowder, promising *Padron Meo* to break every bone in his body, if he dared to breathe a word against them when he entered the town.

The two comrades now returned to their sport, and soon separated with the augury, “*Bocca al lupo!*” a cant phrase still prevalent in those parts, and equivalent to the wish, “Good luck and plenty of game to you!”

Francesco spent the whole day in the woods, and returned in capital spirits to Velletri long after sundown. As he struck into the by-path that led towards the suburb where his dwelling was situated, he heard his name called in a strange loud whisper, “*Checco!*” (Frank.)

“Who goes there?” said Francesco.

“Silence, it is I, thy friend Nino. Follow me.”

Nino led the way hastily into a thick-set clump of underbrush, and the astonished Francesco followed him in silence. At length Nino stopped, his face was pale as ashes, and his knees knocked with fear.

“Nino, what in God’s name is the matter?”

“Francesco, you must fly; the gendarmes are after you; your life is not worth that,” and he snapped the thumb and middle finger of his right hand.

He then went on to explain that his fellow-sportsman had returned to the town several hours before, and had been immediately arrested and tried by court-martial in the presence of the French military commander, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot at six o'clock the following morning. The gendarmes were now secreted in Francesco's house awaiting his return, to treat him with an equal amount of agreeable civilities.

“But why, why all this terrible business?” gasped Francesco. “For the small matter,” said Nino, “of having stopped old Meo to bid him good morning, or, as they style it, for having assaulted and robbed the mail on the public highway.”

Poor Francesco now saw the whole business at a glance, the crime of which he had been guilty, and its dreadful consequences. Thanking and embracing Nino, he turned back and disappeared in the forest now darkened by the shadows of coming night.

He travelled many hours, and when he finally reached a place which he knew to be free from all danger of surprise, or even approach, he still walked up and down in great agitation. Francesco was, as we have said, a good young man and a kind-hearted fellow, well liked by his neighbors. And yet here

he found himself, in the middle of the night, with grim rocks staring upon him from above, and dark wildwood hemming him in all around, a vagabond, an outlaw, a wild man of the woods, upon whose head a price would be set, and who feared, like Cain, that he might be slain by the first of his fellow-men who might chance to cross his path. Sometimes he tried to think that the affair with Padron Meo was only a joke, or at most an idle freak like playing truant from school, or stealing fruits in an orchard. But it would not do. Nino had told him he was held to be a highway robber, and that he had stopped and broken the mail; and though Meo's greasy saddle-bags were rather a ridiculous object when served up by memory to fancy, there was too much truth and painful reality in the allegation to allow him to laugh at Meo or his saddle-bags either. He at length knelt down and prayed, wept, and prayed to God and the blessed Virgin not to let him degenerate into an assassin as well as an outlaw, and stretched himself at length upon the unsheltered earth, little knowing for how many years it was to be the only couch where he could safely lay his head.

For some days he wandered about in this way, alternately praying, hoping, fearing, despairing, his only nourishment being wild fruits and chestnuts (with which this neighborhood abounds), when on the fourth day he at length saw a human face, and though a sufficiently ugly one, he actually hurried



towards the wild-looking vagabond who wore it with the intention of embracing him, falling upon his neck, and weeping from very fulness and bitterness of heart.

This flow of sentimentality, however, was suddenly checked by a little piece of pantomime on the part of his new friend, who on seeing Francesco bear down so rapidly upon him, lifted to his shoulder a long carbine as brown and wicked-looking as himself, and taking deliberate aim quietly informed him that if he came one step nearer he would blow his brains out. Francesco's first feeling, of course, was fear. Then considering why he had hurried towards this interesting specimen of the human family, he was half inclined to laugh; then remembering that his own long and favorite gun, which he carried from habit and not for use (for he had no powder), justified the new comer's apprehensions, he threw it, in a fit of despair, upon the grass, folded his arms, and told him to fire and be hanged to him. The wild man immediately grounded his piece, and finally drew near. "Who are you?" "Francesco Annibali of Velletri. Who are you?" "I am the Devil." Explanations ensued. My Lord was not the real legitimate Devil, but only a rascally highwayman very much like him in principle and behavior.

He soon learned Francesco's history, conducted him to his hiding-place in the woods, provided him with wine, food, dagger, ammunition, and any

amount of the worst kind of advice, which, in his desperate situation, the misguided young man was induced to listen to at first unwillingly, and at length with eagerness, so that he became a tool ready for any unhallowed work in the hands of his cunning and hardened companion.

The robber had a piece of professional business in hand for that very evening. He reasoned with Annibali, threatened and coaxed him until he finally enlisted him in it, though not without difficulty, promising that he should get half the booty for his share, just as he had shared in the two pounds of powder taken from the postino Padron Meo. A young man of the village of Nemi had gone down to marry a girl belonging to Genzano, distant only a few miles. He and his bride were to be accompanied on the road back to Nemi, after the wedding-feast, by a few friends in the cool of the evening, and between the jewels of the women and the money likely to be found upon the men, there was pretty promising booty in prospect. After much talk and many qualms of conscience, our friend Francesco consented to assist his new acquaintance in the honorable enterprise of relieving the bridal party of their valuables, with the understanding, however, that no blood should be shed.

The two friends posted themselves in the bushes in a solitary spot at a proper hour, and the party came in sight carrying torches formed of twine and pitch, the women riding on donkeys, and the men

walking by their side, all dressed in their holiday garments, all merry, musical, and unsuspecting. At a turn of the road the muzzles of two long carbines suddenly interrupted their progress, and the terrible voice of the practised bandit rang out, "Bocca a terra," "Lie prostrate on the earth or we fire." The songs, the laughter and conversation of the gay party, were immediately hushed, and struck with unspeakable terror they fell upon their faces as they were bid by the terrible voice, not knowing whether one or fifty carbines were aimed at their heads, nor whether one or fifty assassins lurked behind the weapons of death. The elder outlaw sprang lightly forward, and brandishing a naked dagger he approached each of the prostrate figures and divested them in the speediest and most scientific manner, of all their finger-rings, ear-rings, jewelry, money, and watches. They were a party of peasants well-to-do, and each had all or some of these articles about his person. Francesco remained in advance of the group; his instructions were to watch and shoot down any of the men who should attempt to offer resistance. He stood still, remorseful and ashamed, but said nothing, and allowed his comrade to do his work. This one was an old hand at his nefarious business, and did things coolly and thoroughly. He had spread a napkin on the ground, and as he plundered each one in turn, he dropped upon it all the trinkets and money so as to gather them up in a bundle and decamp when the job was

completed. He had now gotten pretty well through, and was engaged in despoiling the last of the women, who happened to be the bride. The poor girl had risen upon her knees, and in this position her beauty, rare even among the fine-looking people of her native town, and enhanced by her picturesque bridal costume, attracted the insolent regard of the bandit, who, Francesco failed not to observe, was possessed by other demons besides the passion of cupidity.

"Let go my arm," screamed the young woman, in deadly terror.

Her husband sprang immediately to her side.

"In the name of God and the Madonna Santissima," he exclaimed, "be satisfied with our jewels, and do not terrify my poor spouse—'figlio d' un porco'—son of a hog!" Here he ground his teeth; he could not help it, poor lad.

"I don't know—I don't know," replied the gentleman who had said that he was the Devil. "I think this fair girl would be a fitter spouse for a bold ranger of the forest, than for a miserable vine-dresser like you. Come, courage, pretty lass, mount your donkey again, for I have made up my mind that you shall follow me."

As the young husband, with unspeakable anguish and rage, now endeavored to rescue his trembling bride, the whole party rose, some to their knees, some upright.

The question, however, was apparently soon to be

settled. The assassin eyed the unarmed husband with a malignant scowl, and drew the long gleaming dagger from his belt, when Francesco stood suddenly near.

"Release the girl, villain," he exclaimed, "and march ! or I'll put a bullet through your heart."

The assassin fell back in terror, for Francesco's flashing eye spoke things that cannot be uttered. Still he rallied a little, and even tried to laugh ; but the attempt was rather a failure. Francesco did not threaten him when he saw he would not "march," but quietly levelling his carbine, he prayed briefly. "Mother of God," said he, "I have never committed a murder—forgive me this, my first one!" His finger was upon the trigger, but the robber ran for his life, regretting that his own carbine was on the ground at the opposite end of the group, and so Francesco did not fire. He cheered the peasants, who thanked him with tears in their eyes, gave them back all their property, and saw them safe to the entrance of their village. He would accept nothing from them but one dollar, to save himself, as he said, from starvation.

When he left the good villagers and wandered back alone into the world of forest-leaves and darkness that had now become his home, he felt the sense of peace and happiness that follows upon a temptation overcome, and a good action performed. He reflected that bad company had brought him twice into trouble, and coming, after a while, in

front of a wayside chapel of the Blessed Virgin, he knelt at the little wicket and promised that he would never, as long as he lived, associate with a vicious companion, and that he would never commit what his conscience told him was a theft, even if starvation were the only alternative. He bent him down and kissed the ground before the Madonna's altar, and blessing himself, wandered forth again, a lone and friendless man. The promises he had made, he faithfully kept. When hard pushed, he would accost a traveller with the salutation, "Vi saluta Barbone," and ask for charity, and on account both of his gentle manner and formidable appearance, he was seldom refused. What money he got he spent in procuring ammunition, and the game his unerring aim brought down, he would sell at night in places where he knew no one would betray him. His hair and beard grew to enormous thickness and length, and he came gradually to be known only under the aforementioned name of "Barbone." He made application again and again for pardon, both under the French Government and after the return of the Pope to Rome, but of course the chance of a mail-robber and outlaw, with a price set on his head, was small, indeed, during a period of unusual disturbance, and where the police authorities were brought in as judges or Counsellors of the Government.

So then Barbone lived on, shooting in the woods, avoiding inhabited districts, unless at night, and

when obliged to leave his cover, preferring the bare and solitary campagna to every other place of resort.

During the spring months, when the flowers and herbs begin to sprout, and the autumn months, when the grain has been gathered in, the hay mown, and the grapes and other fruits are ripe, thousands of small birds make their appearance on the slopes of the hills which border the campagna, and flit over this desolate oasis in the midst of a region of plenty. Many of the wealthy citizens of Rome come out at this time at early dawn to go a-birding at the distance of a few miles from the city. Some of them set reeds and bird-lime under cover of the hedges, and catch the little fools of the feathered tribe by that old-fashioned device; others choose the margin of a stream, and depend upon decoys and clasp-nets, while many others prefer the *caccia alla civetta*, i. e. the mode of bird-catching where a wise-looking old owl serves as the centre of attraction. His owlship is placed upon a high perch, and partly induced by his innate politeness, partly by a string which the sportsman ties to his leg and pulls at from time to time, he goes through an incredible amount of bows and scrapes, and flaps and flutters his wings to prevent himself from losing his balance and falling from his stand. Meanwhile his big eyes are wide open, and he stares about him, and ducks his head up and down as if he saw everything and understood twice as much as he saw. Now the little birds flying around, desert clover-seed and insects, to

take a peep at this queer spectacle, and have a little laugh at the dear, good old owl's quaint and conceited antics. The sportsman meanwhile watches his chance, shoots little bird on the wing, and down he comes before he knows what has hurt him. The sportsman's dog glides out, seizes the game, runs back with it, and sits down again in *breathing* expectation for another bird, with his tongue hanging down half a yard, and his eyes dilated in admiration of his own sagacity.

The tall, gaunt figure of our hero would often rise before these gentle sportsmen, his long beard sweeping his breast, and his favorite carbine slung over his shoulder, the muzzle just peeping above his ear. He would repeat with a smile his old cant phrase, "Bocca al lupo!" "good luck attend you," and introduce himself by another of the few sayings he was heard to utter, "Vi saluta Barbone;" "Barbone salutes you." He would then ask the sportsman, who, if a keen one, and an habitu   of the campagna, knew him immediately, for a portion of the good things in the basket which never fails to be brought out on such expeditions, and of course he was never refused. After discussing the cold fowl and tasting of the bottle of wine, he would bid his entertainer good bye, with his laconic formula, "Barbone thanks you," and would disappear, taking cheerfully a little money or powder, if it was offered, but never demanding it, and never doing violence to any one.

He became very popular among the country



people, for they came to know that he never harmed a human being, that he never broke his word, that he had frequently saved travellers from outlaws, and jail-breakers thrown upon the rural districts by the revolutionary condition of the times; and that while he would willingly accept assistance from others, he would also part his last crust with any needy wretch he met with in his wandering life. It is said that he killed more than one Carabiniere or constable, in self-defence, with what truth I know not. It is certain, however, that whenever any of their cloth showed a desire to get near Barbone, the outlaw was apprised of it by the country people, who loved him and did all they could to assist and befriend him. I remember one time sitting in the old Cesarini Palace at Civita Lavinia conversing with the venerable lady who rented the mansion, Signora Carolina Cassio, a kind and generous lady now no more, whom many a *ci-devant* American student will recollect with fond and filial affection, for she took pride in the title which I had the honor of conferring upon her of "*La Madre degli Americani*," a title the dear old soul used to paraphrase by saying, "I am the Roman Mother of the American boys, whose American mothers are not in Rome, but, oh! *Gesù e Maria!* on the other side of an ocean three thousand miles broad!" I asked her if the romantic stories which were told of Barbone were true, and she replied that she recollected his coming into her house for shelter when she was first married, and that her husband

entertained the Carabineers who were seeking for him, with bread and cheese and plenty of wine on the ground floor, while she helped Barbone to stow away his long beard and his longer legs under the bedstead of the identical little room of which I was at that time the occupant. Signora Carolina confirmed also the truth of the story about the Miller of a certain Mill in the neighborhood which my fellow-students and I often visited in our pedestrian excursions. The story ran briefly as follows.—The Bandit entered the mill one night, driven by his two standing enemies, hunger, and the Carabinieri, and greeted the master as usual, “Vi saluta Barbone.” The miller, a jolly and hospitable fellow, was on this particular evening in a fit of the dumps, and politely answered, “Vi saluta il Diavolo.”

Barbone tried to comfort him, but to no purpose. He learned, however, the cause of his sulkiness. His landlord, a Roman lawyer, had been with him that day, and had taken from him five hundred dollars, in virtue of a mortgage long expired, and which the poor man had understood, it appears, at the time of his taking the mill, he would never be required to pay. As it was, it took from him the last cent he could beg or borrow, and left him no prospect for the following day but stoppage of business, and misery for himself and his family. Barbone brought his principles of moral theology to bear upon the case, and gave it as his opinion, that the conduct of the lawyer was mean, miserly, and flagrantly un-

just. He took some bread and cheese, and his host loaned him a horse for a few hours, to enable him to leave the neighborhood, as he alleged, under pressing necessity. Three hours afterwards, a gentleman, who was quietly dozing in a private carriage that rumbled lazily along the Appian way, was roused from his nap by the vehicle coming to a stand-still. The door was gently opened, and the sleepy lawyer saw a strange figure framed in the side of his carriage, which he thought at first was a favorite painting of a Bandit, by Salvator Rosa, much admired on account of the peculiar play of moonlight by which alone it was illumined.

“It is Salvator Rosa!” said he with a snore.

“You lie! I don’t even know the man. It is Barbone.”

“But, your Eminence,” insisted the lawyer, addressing an imaginary Cardinal—

“How dare you insult the sacred College by calling a vagabond like me ‘your Eminence?’” said Barbone, giving him a shake that nearly shook his head off.

The traveller, now thoroughly awakened, saw his mistake, for the shaggy figure addressed him: “Vi saluta Barbone.” The reader must imagine the dialogue that ensued. Protestations of poverty on the one side, and an adroit playing with a carbine loaded and cocked on the other. The dialogue was a short one. Barbone bid the lawyer good night, and remounting his borrowed steed, he rode

up to the mill three hours afterwards, and handed the miller five hundred dollars, as a loan, to be repaid in case he should happen to call for it, which of course he never did.

Barbone's coolness and presence of mind were truly admirable, and made him go about and do things which seemed of appalling imprudence, and yet he was never caught, although his whole life was a series of hair-breadth escapes, and although the Carabineers who tracked him in the woods, talked and laughed within a few feet of him, and to use his own expression, sometimes trod upon the barrel of his carbine as it stuck out in the grass from the bush behind which he lay hidden. He is reported by the people of Nemi to have gone frequently to hear Mass at the Convent Church of the Passionists on Monte Cavi, when he knew that there were no Carabinieri or dragoons in the neighborhood, and to have left his gun leaning against the wall outside of the Church, thinking it would be irreverent to take it inside the sacred building, and they still boast that none of the peasants ever attempted to steal it, or to inform upon its owner whom they all knew so well.

There proved to be, however, one individual who sought to bring the unfortunate though inoffensive bandit into the hands of the authorities, tempted, it is said, by the reward which was offered for his apprehension. This man was the *ministro* or steward of the Prince Lancellotti (if I remember the

name aright) the lord of a beautiful palace I once visited in the town of Velletri. He had laid several traps for the bandit, by which, in consequence of his confidence in the country people, he had more than once narrowly escaped. The steward had also boasted that he would yet succeed in securing his prey, and the boast cost him humiliation and punishment he little dreamed of, as we shall see.

During the season of the vintage the Prince had issued invitations for a grand party at his palace, and after a variety of pleasant entertainments a large number of noble ladies and gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous banquet in the great hall. The evening was sultry, and a large window reaching down to the ground was left open at the end of the hall which opened upon the garden. When enjoyment was at its highest one of the lady guests who sat on the right hand of the Prince, looking out upon the orange trees and rose bushes that waved before the window, saw a strange face peering in upon the assembly. Her terror attracted the attention of those near at hand, but before any explanations could be asked or given, a tall figure stepped suddenly into the hall, his long beard sweeping his breast, and the everlasting carbine grasped upright in his left hand. The unbidden guest seized the moment of terror and silence which his apparition had occasioned to calm the fears of all. "Signori and Signore" (ladies and gentlemen), said he, "Vi saluta Barbone! you will believe me, when I say that I

come to do no harm to any one in this noble company. Signor Principe! I humbly ask your pardon for disturbing your festivities, but I know that you will forgive me, when you hear why I have come. To prevent any unpleasant mistakes, however, I wish to inform those gentlemen near the door (a number of waiters, who looked rather uneasy and showed evident signs of a desire to hurry out of the room) that I will send a ball through the head of the first man who lays his hand upon the handle of that door unless by His Excellency's order. My gun never misses fire, and I never missed my aim in my life."

A moment of silence ensued, and no one stirred in all that vast hall. The Prince knew by report the character of the man who stood before him, and therefore he addressed him in a sufficiently steady voice. "Barbone," said he, "I have never injured you, and I know of no cause why you should disturb me and mine in this unwarranted manner. What do you require of me, and why do you come to terrify my friends after a fashion so—so—dangerous to—to—the safety of your life?"

"Eccellenza," said Barbone, "my life is a matter about which I care but little; but there is a deed of justice to be done in your presence here this evening. Your steward is, I know, in this palace. Send some person from the room who will summon him before you, and let there be no attempt at treachery, or my death will not be the only one that will follow."

“Giovanni,” said the Prince to the head waiter, “tell the steward to come in, I wish to see him ; speak to no one else, and return with him immediately.” In a few moments the waiter returned, accompanied by the steward.

Barbone put him through a brief examination.

“Steward ! did I ever do you an injury ?”

“No !”

“Did I ever injure, or attempt to injure your friends or your property ?”

“No !”

“Did I, to your knowledge, ever do an injury to any living human being ?”

“No !”

“You hear him, your Excellency, you hear him say what is the simple truth—that I never harmed anybody. Now ask him why he has sought my blood, by day and by night. Is it not enough that I have been driven like a wild beast away from the society of my fellow beings, that I am compelled to burrow with snakes and foxes in the wild Apennines, that I am pelted by the storms of winter, scorched by the summer sun, and have a price set on my head by the laws of man,”—his voice here trembled with strong emotion.

“Poveretto !” exclaimed some of the ladies.

“Is all this not enough, that yon white-livered dog must join in the cruel chase through town, village, and wild-wood, and seek to take the life of a

friendless, homeless man, who never injured him or his?"

The case seemed to be a clear one, and no one spoke for the steward. "You are all silent," said the Bandit, looking round. "Now you shall see that Barbone is not the bloodthirsty assassin he is called by his enemies, but can be merciful even in revenge."

He now unbuttoned his coat, and drew forth two raw cowhides, and placing them in the hands of the two stoutest looking servants in the room, he commanded them to stretch the unfortunate steward on the floor, and thrash him with all their might and main. "If either of you dares to hit him one blow that is not a heavy one, I will that instant knock him flat with the butt of this gun."

The steward was a haughty, overbearing fellow, and this circumstance, added to the bandit's threat, caused the work to be done cleanly and without any botching. Barbone looked grimly and silently on, and when it became evident that further chastisement must endanger the victim's life, he expressed himself satisfied, and bade the servants desist. His moderation secured him the sympathy of the witnesses of this strange scene; the Prince even asked him to help himself from the table. Barbone thanked him, but informing him with a grim smile that his health required that he should always take his meals in the open air, he placed some of the eatables nearest at hand in a napkin to take away,



and after drinking a glass of wine to the health of the company, he vanished through the window as softly and as suddenly as he had entered.

Years rolled on, and the solitary bandit still continued to live the same erratic life. His applications for a pardon had so often proved fruitless, that he gave up all hope of ever being admitted to the society of his fellow-beings again, and he pined and grew sick at heart. At length, finding himself driven nearly to despair, he formed a resolution the boldness of which is characteristic of the man, and carried it into effect with his usual cool self-possession.

There is a road running from the country residence of the Popes, at Castel Gandolfo, along the bank of the beautiful Lake of Albano, where the venerable Pius VII. was in the habit of walking in the cool of the evening, accompanied only by the two attendant Prelates, and the two members of the noble Guard who were on duty for the day in the antechamber. One fine evening in August the Pope was surprised by seeing start from among the bushes a tall wild-looking figure, which seemed to have risen like an apparition out of the earth at his feet. It was Barbone, with his long beard, and his favorite carbine, come to plead his cause in his own way at head-quarters. The noble guards drew their ornamental side-arms, and stepped before the person of the Pontiff. The Bandit looked at those festive weapons, and leaning upon his gun at a respect-

ful distance, without showing any intention of drawing nearer, "Boys," said he contemptuously, "put your little pen-knives back where they belong; they are not needed, and would be of no use if they were."

The Pope looked at the man with curiosity, and motioned the young scions of nobility to stand aside.

The stranger then spoke briefly, as was his wont, and to the point. "Most Holy Father," said he, "I

am an unfortunate man, who has no home, no friend, no fellow upon this earth, no one to care whether he is dead or alive, but Him who is up yonder,"

pointing to the sky. "The only crime I ever committed in my life, was the stealing of one pound of gun-

powder, many years ago, when the French had possession of Velletri. For this crime I have done pen-

nance, God only knows how long and how bitter, ever since. I have made application for pardon to

your Government, which I never offended, through many good priests who have known me since my

childhood, and who are willing to testify to my good character, as are all the people of the neighboring

villages to whom Barbone is well known, and none of whom has he ever injured. I have been driven

to live like a wild beast in the forest, and those that forced me so to live, brand me as an assassin, and

would take my life to punish me for my manner of life, which is their work, and not mine. I am grow-

ing old, and I cannot live thus any longer. I would sooner live in a prison among malefactors, than

where I can see no human face to cheer me, and

drive away the demon that tempts me to self-destruction. If the law must have my life, so be it; but I am determined that my condemnation shall come from no other lips but yours. Oh! may you who have suffered so much, take pity on me! I await my sentence, and stand here unprotected to receive it." As he spoke, he threw his carbine upon the ground, and unbuckling his belt, in which there was a long knife, he threw that aside also; then taking off his hat, he came and knelt at the feet of the Holy Father. The gentle heart of Pius was touched by the emotion which Barbone endeavored in vain to smother, by the simplicity and evident honesty of his words, and the allusion he had made to the meek and saintly Pontiff's own history. He spoke a few kind words to him, and bade him follow, as he turned back towards Castel Gandolfo.

On re-entering the palace, Barbone was left waiting for some time in the antechamber, where he was an object of no little curiosity. The Cardinal Secretary of State was closeted with the Pope, and one or two officers were sent for, entered, came out again, and departed.

At length a military personage addressed Barbone, and informed him that it was the Pope's wish he should accompany some prisoners who were to be escorted that night to Civita Vecchia, that his case would be investigated, and a final decision made known to him at that place. He went accordingly to Civita Vecchia, and after a few days was sum-

moned before the Governor, who communicated to him the instructions he had received. The Carabinieri, the Bandit's old enemies, had sent in a pretty hard report against him, which the Government could not altogether disregard. By sovereign order, however, his sentence of death, which had never been repealed, was commuted to imprisonment for life, the prison to be the town of Civita Vecchia, where, that he might have an opportunity of making an honest livelihood, he was to be employed as a porter in the Government service, with liberal wages, and the promise of speedy promotion upon good behavior.

Many years afterwards, the Priest from whom I learned the above circumstances, saw Francesco Annibali in Civita Vecchia. He had risen to be the head of the Government porters, and ruled that noisy and quarrelsome set of people in a manner that gave universal satisfaction. He gave my friend a history of his eventful life. He was now a happy and a useful man, hale and hearty still, but his head had grown venerable with age and exposure, and his long beard was as white as snow.

## THE PRISONER OF THE CASTLE.

## THE PRISONER OF THE CASTLE

THE castle was a rocky island—its walls of stone  
Of warlike and stern aspect, and its towers  
Elevated as the walls of the castle of the  
The entrance was a narrow path, and the gate  
All its walls were of the same material—stone  
Of the castle, which was built upon the rocks  
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## THE PRISONER OF THE CASTLE.

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THE sun's far to westward—the wild din and rattle  
Of warriors and steeds has at length died away ;  
Unprofaned is the hour by the tumult of battle,  
That crimsoned yon sward at the dawn of the day.  
All is still o'er the landscape—but not in the soul  
Of the captive, whose eyes from his bastioned recess,  
Toward yon distance-dimmed castle and hamlet still roll,  
While thus he pours forth his lone tale of distress :

“The time has gone by when my courage or madness  
Drove me recklessly on to this hateful abode,  
And my proud soul oppressed with a burden of sadness,  
Treads again the dull level of life's weary road.  
Green hills of my childhood, that smile from afar,  
Through the rough bars that chequer the prisoner's breast,  
Is the sole boon bequeathed me by Fame's cherished star,  
Such a fate and such feelings—in sight of such rest?

Ah! there my poor mother her needle is plying,  
Cheating time with some strain she once carolled for me,  
But neglecting her work, she oft turns her, and sighing,  
Gazes out on the pathway that pencils the lea.  
There the children, if e'er they should see on the way  
Some travel-stained soldier approaching the cot,  
To run and apprise her, will cease from their play,  
And wonder why with him their brother comes not.

“How my father will cover his woe-speaking features,  
When perchance some old comrade less hapless than I,  
Comes to tell how he witnessed these treacherous creatures  
Drag me off to be cast in a dungeon—or die!  
How my mother will seek for a plea to retreat,  
Nor to tears within sight of the little ones yield;  
And all the sad day and the hour will regret  
When I left the sweet cot for the turbulent field.

“Ah, fool that I was, to make light of that treasure  
Of humble contentment that blessed me before,  
And wander in quest of a fanciful pleasure,  
Nor knew what I lost, till I owned it no more.”  
The sun has gone down, and while pacing his room,  
The youth moves his lips in communion with God;  
Then forgetting his dungeon, its bars and its gloom,  
He dreams of the hills where in childhood he trod.

[These lines were written in Italy, on observing two castles upon mountain-ranges, placed within sight of each other, where the events here spoken of may be readily imagined to have occurred during the unceasing Baronial feuds of the middle ages.]



"The vision of Odoacer, the  
 Roman general, who was the first to  
 depose the last emperor of the  
 Western Empire, is a very  
 interesting story. It is said that  
 he was once in a state of great  
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## THE VISION OF ODOACER.

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## THE VISION OF ODOYER

IT WAS morning on the Alps, and a pair of greeting met the rising sun as he poured his beams straight the neighboring hills upon a plain where stood the Germanian champion. Doomed and Hottel, Amon and Gathe—all the adventures who had followed Odoyer from the north, rejoiced on this auspicious day, for it was to be the last of their and unrepined toil. They had reached at length the frontier of Italy, long and journeying marches were to be at an end, peace and repose were to be the portion of all whether light or low. The king, however, did not smile with his fellows in their rude martial attitudes of joy. Grown old now, conscious as he came nearer the land he had so often visited in dreams of ambition, he moved silently and slowly, but slightly the movements of the other. He was strong, but bent to his knees. His eyes were dim, his hands were feeble, his heart was old. He was a king no longer, a glimmer of his former glory.

## THE VISION OF ODOACER.

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'TWAS morning on the Alps, and a noisy greeting met the rising sun as he poured his beams athwart the neighboring hill-tops upon a plain where stood the barbarian encampment. Scythians and Heruli, Alans and Goths—all the adventurers who had followed Odoacer from the north, rejoiced on this auspicious day, for it was to be the last of dull and unrequited toil. They had reached at length the frontiers of Italy, long and harassing marches were to be at an end, spoils and repose were to be the portion of all whether high or low. The king, however, did not unite with his followers in their rude manifestations of joy. Growing more cautious as he came nearer the land he had so often visited in dreams of ambition, he moved silently along, heeding but slightly the greetings of the obsequious throng which parted to let him pass. He bent his steps where the mountain ridge rose highest, anxious to gain at length a glimpse of the fair regions that lay beyond.

The warriors looked with admiration after their chief as he clave his way up the devious path, grasping, to aid his progress, at the branches that projected around him. He disappeared at length among the green wood, trodden but seldom by the foot of man, and still they gazed upon the waving bushes, and the yellow sand and stones displaced by his tread as they rolled down the hill-side when he had passed.

Who can describe the wonder of the prince when, having gained the summit of the mountain, he leaned upon the fragment of a rock, and gazed upon the beautiful scene spread far and wide below! He looked to the left, and from the base of the blue Alps, as far as the eye could reach, a smiling plain extended; yellow fields appeared where the breeze drove before it soft waves of golden wheat ready for the sickle; in the valleys verdant cane fringed the margin of some classic stream, vineyards ran along the gentle slope of sunny southern hills, and looked from the distance like endless lines pencilled forth by a fairy's art. He turned to the right, and upon the nearest hill stood a Castle, from whose battlements a feudal banner waved proudly in the breeze; a village rose further on, then a forest, and then a noble city, whose wide-spread walls and countless glittering turrets told what thousands dwelt within. On either hand broad rivers rolled their waters to the sea, that sparkled and flashed on the rim of the horizon. The barbarian gazed in silent admiration

at the clear blue sky, the smiling fields, the vine-clad hills, and the leafy bowers of Italy. The face of Mother Nature was for the first time unveiled in all its beauty to his gaze. His passions slumbered in his breast, and a calm delight stole gently to his heart. Such moments of peace and innocent enjoyment are not easily forgotten. They are the sweetest man enjoys upon earth, the most like heaven except the prayerful hour, when angels tread lightly to look upon the upturned brow of youthful innocence, and speak in whispers lest they should break the spell that entrances a spirit so much like themselves. But the promptings of restless ambition soon ruffled the calm surface of Odoacer's soul, and roused him to sterner thoughts. A smile of dreadful meaning lit up his features. "Ha! not long," he exclaimed, "gay land of luxury, shall thy soft lordlings revel in bower and hall. Thou shalt have a monarch of a sterner race. The time has come at length when an answer peals from the north to all thy tyranny, and vengeance shakes even the gates of imperial Rome."

He had scarcely uttered these words when the bushes were stirred behind him, and an unknown step was heard to approach the spot. He turned with sudden awe, and beheld a venerable figure close by his side. It was an aged man clothed in dark attire. His loins were girded with a simple cord, that met in a knot at his side, and hung towards the ground. His long beard veiled his breast,

and his snowy locks waved in the mountain breeze. A cross ended the staff upon which he leaned, as bending slightly forward with looks that searched his inmost soul, he gravely said, "Not these, proud monarch of the Heruli, should be the feelings of a chosen minister of God's avenging wrath. The heavier the rod wherewith he scourges a nation for its sins, the sooner does he break and cast it aside." "Who art thou," exclaimed the chief, unused to sharp reproof, "that lendest an intruder's ear to words that fall unguarded from the lips of a stranger? . . . . Or art thou rather, perchance," he quickly added, "one of more than mortal power, who readest in the soul her hidden thoughts, that I may bend my knee and do homage to a messenger sent from above?" "Forbear the undue act, my son; I am a mortal, a sinner, even as thou, although I do come to make known to thee the will of heaven. I had long witnessed the corruptions of luxurious Rome until sickened at last I fled the ungodly scene, and sought, amidst the solitude of these wild Alps, for the blessed tranquillity denied my younger days, which is only gained by serving and loving God. Beneath a neighboring rock, a little grotto opens to the wood, and there is my humble home. Thou couldst not enter it," he added, eyeing the tall form of the warrior, with a gentle smile, "without bending low the plumes of thy helmet. When I first came hither, at the command of Him who feeds the little birds, a gushing rill fell from its flinty side to

quench my thirst; and from the dale hard by I cull at morning the herb and juicy roots that form my frugal repast. 'Twas at the peep of dawn I knelt and said my prayers, when my spirit saw thee scanning the mountain side, and heaven hath sent me to meet thee here.

“Prince, the wrath of God hangs like a storm-cloud over this fair land, and yet its children know it not—they sleep. Look with attention, and thou shalt see foreshadowed the designs of God’s long-suffering justice, and the work appointed to be done by thee. Thy sword is chosen to punish this people for their baseness; but the mercy thou wilt see accorded them will show how far thy power may reach. Beware attempting to do more. Look and be wise.” The hermit spoke thus aloud. His eyes flashed inspiration, his right hand pointed to the plains below, the fingers of his left rested upon the shoulder of the warrior, who had seated himself at his bidding. Eagerly the chief gazed over the country; but as far as the eye could reach the sunny plain appeared the same, save where the reflection of a cloud dotted it here and there with an island of shadow. Suddenly the shrill blast of a trumpet pealed forth from the neighboring rocks. A banner broke from out the thick foliage, and a cohort of armed men, shouting loudly, poured like a swollen torrent down the mountain pass upon the plain. The chief looked amazed, for he recognised them immediately as his own followers. On, on, careered

the visionary band. Horror preceded them, and despair and desolation followed in their track. Where are now the wealth and beauty of the doomed land? The blood of the ploughman bedews the unfinished furrow, the peasant is devoured by the flames that reduce his cottage home to ashes. Where they enter, an Eden smiles to greet them, and when their fury has swept by nothing is seen but a dark and smouldering waste.

Oh! sunny regions of the south! how often have nature's bountiful gifts proved to you a source of bitterest woe, thus rendering you first among all the kingdoms of the earth in misery, as first in loveliness!

A murky cloud is now seen afar off; it rolls along, it sparkles and flashes, and at length breaks distinctly upon the eye, in the shape of a long array of men and horse. Their banners wave proudly above them, and they press bravely forward to check the march of the barbarian invader. All is still as death for a moment; then a deafening yell rends the sky. The ground between the armies becomes a narrow strip, and at length is swallowed up altogether. Banner meets banner—waves of steel-clad horse push on and clash together, and man engages man in a conflict where no quarter is asked or given. A cloud of dust hides the contending forces, rent now and then by a cry louder than usual, or by a riderless steed that bursts madly from the fight and falls gasping to the ground, or flies in blind terror away



o'er the open fields. But why are louder and thicker blows now dealt? The patriot ranks have slowly yielded up the ground, and now they are in full flight towards the quarter from which they came. The love of life has risen in every breast, and hastens the feet to which terror adds wings. The swift barbarian hangs upon their rear, and his battle-cry drowns the death-groan of many a victim. On speed the fugitives, until with flagging steps they finally reach the bank of a swollen river. Here an ancient bridge, their forlorn hope, appears. A cry rises, "Halt and rally! Italia! Italia! One blow for her sweet sake!" They stand and form; but the effort of disheartened men is brief, and vain as brief. A mighty force overwhelms them in this their last effort, and the fierce conquerors now hold the bridge itself. Thus was the first battle lost and won.

As Odoacer witnessed it, his dark eye flashed fire. He swayed his body to and fro, seconding the attitudes of those who struck for his cause. When the flight and pursuit began, he leaned forward with breathless excitement; but when the shouts of his troops proclaimed his arms victorious, he smote his thigh with clenched fist, and cried aloud with joy. "Contain thyself," said the Hermit. "Far more yet remains to be seen—far greater tokens of God's anger, and far greater grief of this unhappy land."

He looked again. There rose a noble city, seen as distinctly as if it were near at hand. Its walls and towers were lined with mail-clad warriors; its gates

were bolted and barricaded from within. The barbarians advanced slowly and cautiously, some dragging huge catapults along the plain, some digging a mine to approach the guarded wall, while others from behind wooden parapets, or the cover of their broad shields, opened a deadly shower of arrows and javelins upon the beleaguered town. The fight spread rapidly along the battlements ; the ponderous battering-ram was heard, as its crashing blow told upon the groaning gate, at the sides of which the dangerous attempt was made to scale the walls with ladders. The besieged, even women and children, poured stones and tiles and burning pitch upon the devoted heads of their assailants. Some loosened their hold upon the ladders, and rolled back into the ditch, but more pressed forward over the bodies of the slain. At length was heard an awful crash, and a booming sound, as of thunder. The heavy gate was down, and swarms of Northmen rushed over its fragments into the town.

Wo, wo to the beaten ! Screams of anguish and despair appal the ear on every side, for no corner is free from nameless deeds of cruelty and horror. In vain do the victims cry for help—for pity. Every house is given up to pillage, and becomes the scene of a carnival of blood, with all its fiendish accompaniments ; first the loud and straining energies of Fear, Havoc, and Ruin ; then the awful silence and stillness of Despair and of Death ! The conquerors themselves now rush forth in terror, for towering

flames break out and shoot up from every quarter, consuming whatever had not been destroyed by the sword. The greedy flames spread rapidly from house to house—the ill-fated town becomes a sea of fire. Then was seen a spectacle more terrible still than any yet exhibited. The poor wretches that sought to escape their doom, that lifted their scorched arms, and screamed frantically for help, were thrust back into the burning mass at the javelin's point by barbarian soldiers ranged all around to render escape impossible!—No banner waves in defence of Italy, no weapon gleams to dispute their progress, and the barbarians forming into ranks, march from the scene of this horrible victory.

Odoacer gazed keenly on the next picture that rose before him. Upon the extreme verge of that lovely country another city spread its ample precincts, compared to which all others he had hitherto looked upon, were but as hamlets. Noble bridges spanned the waters of her river with solid masonry. Graceful aqueducts and tall obelisks, turret and dome, triumphal arch and marble fountain tapered and clustered gracefully around the central pile of the city formed of theatres, baths and temples of the Gods, separated from each other by forums and squares, and seemingly endless thoroughfares which stretched forth and radiated in every direction, like arteries from the great heart of the Empire. Inside the walls every pillar had its name, every stone was celebrated in history, and from the summit of her

highest hill to the arena of her colossal amphitheatre there was not an inch of ground which crime had not darkened with his frown, and virtue had not bedewed with tears and blood. The barbarian Chief gazed long in wonder upon this scene of grandeur, and even he could not breathe without a mysterious feeling of awe the mighty name of *Rome*!

Silence reigned over the Seven Hills, nor from the fortified palace of the noble, filled by a crowd of retainers and men at arms, was a sound or whisper heard more than from the Forum peopled by the Dead of Ages. Under the shadow of the great Lateran Church rose an ample gate, whose massive leaves hung open; but before it stood an Angel, who bore in his right-hand a flaming sword, to guard the threshold leading to the tomb of St. Peter.

A shade of pensiveness appeared upon his beautiful face, and ever and anon he bent his eyes upon the unconscious city, and looked as if eternal bliss alone could prevent a tear from dimming his bright eyes for Rome's dear sake. Nor was the cause long hidden. Two Cherubim clad in shining armor, with flaming crests upon their helmets, were borne through the air upon a dusky cloud, and remained stationary over the city. Odoacer learned that these were the ministers of God's offended Justice, only seen in some hapless region of this earth, when the cup of crime is full to the brim, and the hour of mercy and repentance has gone by. They bore between them an ample urn of gold from which they

poured out upon sleeping Rome a tide of blood, and darkest venom, but not unto the dregs. The Guardian Angel covered his features not to see the deed of terrible justice done. Their task performed, the heavenly warriors winged their flight upward, and were soon lost far away in the deep blue sky. At their fatal apparition the moon turned to fiery red; throughout the holy city, the bells unmoved by mortal hand tolled forth a melancholy sound, as if to knell her impending doom, and through the streets unearthly death-cries froze the listener's ear: "Woe! woe to the City of the Seven Hills!"

Now the instruments of Divine Justice draw near. The powers of Heaven and of Hell fight on their side, and mark this dreadful hour for all their own. Their trumpet-notes are ringing at the gates, and no brave defiance meets their sullen challenge. Along they sweep, and through the ancient ways resounds the yell of barbarian hordes. The work of vengeance is begun; on, on they press, and desolation follows on their track. The fierce destroyer looked in wonder, mingled with hatred on the thousand palaces of Imperial Rome, one of which alone might shed renown on a whole city. Magnificent halls of variegated marble, porches, fountains, baths, courts and gardens unite to make the house of one lordly citizen a little town, and a thousand towns as it were, conspire to form but one in the broad precinct of the world's queenly capital.\* But now! nor beautiful design,

\* Est urbs una domus, mille urbes continet una urbs.

nor outward splendor, nor intrinsic worth, can save all her gorgeous trophies from the uprooting and scattering storm. No private abode nor public monument can furnish a retreat to shield the trembling citizens against the ruthless invader ; not God's own altar protects the consecrated vessels from the grasp of profane hands.

Through the streets, men are now wandering houseless and starving, whose illustrious names once made whole kingdoms tremble. Patrician matrons that moved along at morning, followed by such a suite as Oriental Queens might have looked upon with envy, driven rudely forth from their luxurious homes, now kneel and beseech protection of their slaves. Woe ! woe, to the City of the Seven Hills ! Time has been when she saw the greedy flames consume her homes, and her children depart into gloomy exile, and yet she rose youthful and radiant from her ashes to more glorious life—she was still the mother, and the home of the conquerors of the world. But now her spirit is broken, and her pride is beaten down, and trampled in the dust. Her haughtiest nobles are bought and sold like beasts of burden by a horde of savage serfs, and her last Emperor sits on a throne which he is destined never to fill again.

There was a vast hall in the Capitol, well-known to crownless kings who came thither to grace the triumphs of their Conquerors, and to victorious Generals who hung their trophies on its historic walls.

There the Roman Senators were gathered to hold their last Assembly. Odoacer marked their downcast and sorrowful looks with savage exultation. Beneath a canopy of velvet and gold, was beheld seated in state, the youthful Emperor—Romulus Augustulus. Ever and anon he turned an anxious look upon the Conscript Fathers who sat around him, but saw nothing save the settled mien of deep despair. The heaving breast, the trembling hands, the sudden start whenever a shout resounded from the streets, betrayed the sinking of his heart, the fear to die though nobly. The cries from outside resound louder and louder, the dreaded foe draws nearer and nearer, and now their deafening clamor is heard within the hall. They are here, they line the walls, but no effort is made to check them, or to enrage them still more.

Oh! could the spirits of the heroic dead have lifted from their ancient tombs the heads laid low while guarding their native lands from the foul tyranny of Rome, and seen the triumph of their children! Had they witnessed her Conscript Fathers standing in chains within the very halls of all their olden pride, would they have laughed the fallen oppressor to scorn in his sore distress and bitter shame, or mute with astonishment scarce believed the sight to be more than a fitful dream?

There arose now a fearful clamor. "Down with their Emperor! Let his blood atone for the death of those his hellish legions have slaughtered in our

homes. Justice wills the deed, Religion blesses it !” Still none of all the armed hundreds there durst touch him ; his hour was not come, his fate was not sealed in heaven.

Odoacer marked the scene with kindling anger ; he rose and stamped his foot with rage. “Heavens ! is there not of all those vile slaves that bathed the dwelling-floor with the warm blood of youthful innocence, that slew the Priest at the altar, and used his skull as a cup to mock his rites—is there not one to free the outraged world from yon last reptile of a brood of vipers ? Some soothsayer has bewitched the accursed fools, or else they would fight for the privilege of striking, and gaining everlasting fame by the blow ! It would not be so could they but hear my voice, or this good steel were not so far away.” He ground his teeth, and half unsheathed his weapon as he spoke, but the Hermit checked his angry ravings, and holy zeal lit up his face, as he said to the Chief. “Shame on him who would break the bruised reed, who would still bathe his hands in blood, though all, aye, more than all has been granted him, that the wildest ambition could dream of.

“Son of Edicon ! blush for thy baseness ; nor rouse by wanton cruelty the slumbering thunderbolts of heaven. Where now are the Conquerors who wreaked on hapless Rome the vengeance of the Lord ! He used the scourge, and cast it from him when the day of wrath had gone by. See proud Alaric stricken



by him fall suddenly to the plain. See Ricimer the Lord of Emperors writhe in the iron grasp of Death, with none beside his couch to cool his burning brow, or soothe him in the hour of his direst need ! “ The bow of Attila is broken ;” \* to what avail did barbarous minstrels chant their songs over his remains, and rehearse the hundred victories of the dreaded scourge of God ? Funereal hymns did not reach his clay-cold ear, nor could the noise and glare of pompous rites gladden the spirit summoned before the judgment-seat of the Most High. Learn thou betimes, King Odoacer, not to follow these men through crooked paths to an inglorious end. Know that if thou shut out gentle pity from thy heart the Lord thy God hath sworn by his own name, that at the hour of thy death thou shalt not find that mercy denied by thee to another.” Thus spoke the inspired man. His words abashed even the proud Barbarian’s soul ; he dared not open his lips, or lift his eyes to meet the lightnings of that heaven-illuminated brow. The shadow of his own death had been called up by the words of the holy Seer, and as it fell upon his soul, it cooled the fever of anger, and stilled the utterings of revenge. It was therefore with more willingness to feel for another’s woe, that he raised his eyes again and looked in the direction pointed out by the uplifted forefinger of his mysterious companion.

Along the banks of the yellow Tiber moved a

\* “ Arcus Attilæ contritus est.”

band of Northern Warriors, in whose midst, despoiled of every mark of his former dignity, followed by only a few attendants in the day of his sorrow, walked the young Augustulus. The rose had fled from his cheek, and his countenance wore the expression of heartfelt misery. "There," said the hermit, "is the object of your revenge." The Chief could not help relenting at the sight. The hermit then began, in a voice all tenderness, to warm the rising feelings of compassion in his heart. "Behold how sweet and endearing to a gentle breast is the love of home! Condemn not, O Prince, the mild virtues of this delicate youth. Inured to hardships from thy earliest childhood, thou findest a bed on every grassy bank, and a home wherever the blue vault of heaven overcanopies thy head. But he feels soft regrets for one beloved spot, around which are clustered all his fond recollections of happy childhood. Oh, how bright are the scenes which rise before him—now past and gone for ever. Imperial ease and splendor are now changed to the poverty and shame of an ignominious exile, in punishment of the crimes of those who preceded him, not of his own. See how he turns from his melancholy path, a long, last look to Rome! It is not alone for his own loss he bends his comely head and drops a tear upon that strange ground; his grief is for the fall of a mighty empire, and in the Roman now the monarch mourns!"

Even while he spoke, they saw him turn again his eyes towards the capitol, which glittered with the

helmets of barbarian soldiers, ranged along its battlements. He paused for a few moments and waved his hand to bid a last, an eternal farewell, then kept his onward path, until a green thicket hid him from their sight. Then soft compassion found a way at length to Odoacer's heart. His eyes still rested on the spot where he had last beheld the exiled monarch, and he generously vowed his hand would never be rudely lifted up to press the brimming cup of bitterness commended to his lips.

“Learn, O King of the Heruli,” the hermit now said, “from the fate of yon unhappy boy, that foul wrong and high-handed oppression seek in vain to escape from the avenging justice of heaven. The rod falls slowly, but heavily and surely upon the offender, and the sins of the father are visited upon his offspring. Thou hast seen the downfall of that majestic power against which the whole world in arms has been for ages leagued together in vain. The crown of Imperial Rome is crushed ; her sceptre is broken in twain ; her throne lies in the dust, to rise no more for ever ! Men will laugh and deem him mad who first goes forth to announce her final downfall. Still a greater fall is near at hand ; even now before my vision its closing scenes arise. Not Rome alone has ceased her haughty rule over all the earth, but those vain gods whose hundred temples rose to grace her capital, shall soon be hurled from their altars, and from the sunny shores of the Tyrrhene Sea to the wintry waves of the Danube, not one shall

be found to bow his head in worship before the shrine once feared so much by all mankind. The power that broke his sceptre in the hands of the last Emperor of Rome shall wrest the bolts, too long usurped, from the grasp of her lying Jove. Eternal night will draw a curtain over the mysteries of Eleusina, and the wrath of Pagan Mars will be nothing but a schoolboy's jest.

“But will the mighty life of this great empire perish with its last sovereign, and the dreaded name of the city of the Seven Hills be told with that of a fallen Nineveh, whose dust is now the sport of the winds of the desert, and of once famous Persepolis, the Persian's pride, now the solitary den of the roaming lion?”

While he spoke thus, the night breeze murmured softly through the shrubs and wild-flowers around—the firmament knew not a cloud to spot its vivid blue—and the stars came forth in myriads and poured their silvery light upon the slumbering Alps. Far away to eastward the moon's fair crescent rose to the horizon from the bosom of the deep. The hermit's right arm was extended towards the walls of Rome. The chief gazed in silence upon the stately mass. Over its squares and palaces was thrown a thin silvery mist, from which at intervals arose a dome, a shapely column, or a tapering obelisk, that pointed in solitary grandeur towards the sky. But all beside lay curtained beneath that silent haze. Some spell, all undefined yet powerfully felt, hung on the air,

diffused itself abroad, and in the meshes of its unseen net enwrought the soul that paused to contemplate what lay beneath that shade. The hermit, like one whom inspiration fills with holy ecstasy, caught a prophet's fire from the sight. "No," he loudly exclaimed, "Queen of the world, thy glory shall not be a breath, a sound, a dream upon the earth! The wonders of thy future days loom up and overawe me with their majestic presence. After this aged head shall have been laid low in the tomb, and gathered to my fathers, this weary spirit shall have ceased to wail for thee, filled with the vigor of eternal youth, thou shalt reign a Queen, the noblest Queen of all the earth. What though the effete old Pagan Empire fall, dragged by its own weight down into the marsh of festering vice that encompasses its feet. The tribes that now press on against thee from the stony hills and the misty caverns of the north, shall furnish thee with fresh materials out of which to mould a greater and more lasting empire still. I see the form of Christendom come forth, where nothing but the scattered wrecks and crumbling ruins of the Pagan world now cumber the ground. I see the glorious edifice, thy work—all thine—rise towering from its rocky base, and spread its ample wings from shore to shore. I see the nations gather from afar; from where the sun begins his daily race to where his evening glories gild the sky. They come not arrayed one against the other, they move, not stepping to the

measured notes of warlike instruments, but advancing hand in hand, the song of peace upon their lips, they meet to blend their prayers with thine, and burn incense upon thy consecrated shrines. Vain, vain the attempt to overcome thee by human force or skill! The shield of religion shall guard thy gates from harm, and ward off irreverent approach with rays of piercing light. The heavenly warriors who stand upon the mountain of God shall keep watch and ward around thee; they shall raise the red right arm to strike down any sacrilegious offender who should seek to wrest from thy hand the charter of thy sacred rights. Thou shalt go forth age after age conquering and to conquer, thy name, "the Eternal." Thy children shall witness the rise, triumph, and downfall of new nations and empires; and the birth and death of cities whose mysterious names are known only in heaven. Thou meanwhile unchanged, wilt reign the mighty mistress of the world. The hour that sounds thy knell shall quench the sun, blot out the stars from heaven above, and witness the sight of the last of mankind breathing his last prayer to his God."

The voice of the hermit died softly away like the last notes of a lute. The king of the Northmen looked towards the city, but deeper shadows had settled upon it, and he saw it no longer. When he turned, the hermit had disappeared from his side. He raised his eyes to the starry firmament above, remained some moments absorbed in thought, and

then treading reverently as if the place beneath his feet were holy ground, he wended his way slowly down the mountain side a wiser and better man than when he came up at morning.

THE KING OF COLORS



THE KING OF COLORS.

THE KING OF COLORS

As they reach on the banks of the river  
 Where birds of prey glim in the sky  
 Heinecourt said the flowers and the shadows of the sky  
 BREED is a dream this land of King

It is a very good thing that the  
Government has decided to  
take the necessary steps to  
prevent the spread of the  
disease.

And the results of the day are shown by the way the average man has been doing in the market. The profits in the sale of the things he has seen. When the wind and the sun are blowing.

He says it is not good - when right is at hand  
 To see the good - the good of a man's heart  
 The good of a man's heart - the good of a man's heart  
 The good of a man's heart - the good of a man's heart

## THE KING OF COLORS.

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**I** BEHELD in a dream this fantastical King  
Holding court 'mid the flowers and the sunshine of Spring,  
Where birds of gay plumage are rocked by the breeze,  
As they perch on the blossoming boughs of the trees.

He sits on a canopied throne, quaint of mould,  
Bepowdered with diamonds, and spangled with gold ;  
And the gaudiest butterfly e'er honey sipped,  
Is the emblem wherewith his tall sceptre is tipped.

When the wind and the tempest from ether are driven,  
He buildeth the arch of his triumph in heaven,  
He swings from the waterfall's margin in play,  
And his mantle of motley is washed by the spray.

He lives in the sun-beams ; when night is at hand,  
When the grey steeds of winter career o'er the land,  
He shuns their encounter and speeds him away  
Where the sun never sets and the flowers ne'er decay.

He is fond of mankind—it is he lends a grace  
To the maiden when modesty purples her face,  
He beams on the lip, in the eye of the child,  
Whom the cold breath of malice has not yet defiled.

Yes, he loves us—and oft when the sun's going down,  
Ere Darkness advance in her mantle of brown,  
To salute us he hangs out his banners on high,  
With bright hues adorning the sea and the sky.

It was he that to Italy's fortunate Sage\*  
Appeared for the weal of a studious age;  
A smile lit his features, majestic, yet bland,  
And a wonderful diamond blazed in his hand.

"Take this gift," (thus he spoke,) "and no talisman's spell  
With magical craft could endow thee so well—  
Lift it up to the sun, and the proud king of day  
Must resign to thy power e'en his crown's brightest ray."

"Henceforth to thine eye 't is permitted to scan  
A mystery never laid open to man,  
An amusement this day to the sage has been given,  
Reserved hitherto for young Cherubs in heaven."

The philosopher tested his mystical sway  
Where his lattice was pierced by an arrowy ray.  
He held up the prism—and the sunbeams unrolled  
The treasures of tint which their bosoms enfold.

A broad rainbow amazed the philosopher's view,  
Arabesquing his cell in red, green, gold, and blue;  
And LIGHT, that heard none save its Maker's command,  
Became subject that day to a mortal's frail hand.

\* Grimaldi.

## THE LAKE OF BOLSENA.



## THE LAKE OF BOLSENA.

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THE travelled reader has had occasion, no doubt, to notice the pleasant excitement which follows the announcement that some celebrated monument or wonder of nature is at length fairly in sight. "There is the dome of St. Peter's," rouses the traveller as he jolts along the desolate campagna towards the gates of Rome. "There is Mount Vesuvius," startles every body who goes by land to Naples, and every neck is stretched to look for the first time at the pillar of smoke that steams up from Vulcan's time-honored smithy. One particular night in autumn, I had been serving as a shuttlecock between the left shoulder of a heavy Dutch traveller, and the side of a villanous old coach for some hours, when we were roused by the Veturino, who bent down, and hoarsely announced through the front window, "*ecco l'isola d'Amalasunta*," there is the island of Amalasunta. We let down the window, and as we gazed, before us lay the beautiful Lake of Bolsena, equally famous for its classic associ-

ations, and the flavor of its unrivalled eels, which Horace delighted to eat, and Dante did not disdain to celebrate. Though the weather was mild the night was misty, and we dimly discovered the "island of blood" rising in the distance, upon the unruffled expanse of waters.

We soon tumbled into the town of Bolsena, attracting the notice of sundry watch-dogs, who, in bark of various depth and volume, complained that we should infringe upon the monopoly of noise which they seemed to claim for themselves during the night, in virtue of some charter from the town authorities. After sleeping at a comfortable inn, some of us wended our way to the palace of the Marquis Cozza, and had the honor of being introduced to its owner. This ancient family was celebrated during the Middle Ages for their warlike disposition, as various portraits hung around the palace walls bear ample testimony. Their descendants breed cattle, poultry, and vegetables on the paternal estate, in place of the feuds and dissensions of former times. From the battlements of this old baronial residence we enjoyed a view of the beautiful lake, spread out like a silver mirror under the rays of the morning sun. The neighborhood affords an enchanting prospect, and though spread over a mountainous region, the district is extremely fertile. The vineyards which abound there, furnish the same wine for which Orvieto and Monte-Fiascone are so famous, and venerable authority, historical and



poetical, asserts that it always went well with the luscious eels of the lake.

Our eyes immediately sought for the fatal island. It is small, but rises abruptly to some height above the surface of the lake. There is not far distant from it an islet smaller than the first one, equally romantic, and which also has its legend. But I will content myself for the present with recounting the historical circumstances connected with that of Amalasunta.

*f* This remarkable woman was a royal princess, daughter to Theodoric, the warlike king of the Goths. Perhaps she would have remained unknown in history had not singular circumstances placed her upon an eminence. Her father was comparatively young; her husband, Cutaric, and her son, Atalaric, ensured the Goths of warlike male succession to the throne. Unexpectedly her husband died, and soon after Theodoric, by special providence, or human treachery, was hurried out of the world—Atalaric being only ten years old. Amalasunta was thus placed at the head of a powerful nation, used to bow with submission only before a terrible military despot. She was equal to her new task. She kept up the vigor of Theodoric's government, and excelled him in prudence, conciliating the favor of the Greek Emperor Justinian, checking, by timely and far-seeing management, the advance of the Visigoths under Amalric, and gaining even the favor of the Senate and people of Rome. She kept near her person,

and employed in her counsels, the celebrated Cassiodorus, one of the most learned men and judicious writers of his age. Mild and generous with those who obeyed her rule—those who attempted to thwart her plans, found her as lion-hearted as her terrible father had been. She was, however, just and impartial, and it was found both a difficult and dangerous attempt to sow discontent among her subjects.

The first serious disagreement between her and the leading men among her people, was the plan of education she marked out for her son Atalaric. The Goths could not understand the use of having him instructed in the craft of the Romans, called arts and sciences. They were scandalized at his being placed under Roman tutors and professors. The Queen Regent was informed that they grumbled bitterly at her worrying their young master to death, and thought that she had the design of killing him by these stupid, unmanly studies, so as to get married and reign in his place. She treated their ignorant impertinence with contempt. One day, however, the matter took a serious form. Entering the room of her son, she found that careless boy, like a “neer-do-weel” that he was, engaged in some vulgar game, in place of studying the task which his old Roman doctor had proposed for his attentive perusal. The high-blooded woman gave him a sonorous box upon the ear, whereupon the booby ran out crying with might and main. The faces of the tough old Goths to whom he told the story of his sorrows, grew

amazingly long and thoughtful at his blubbering narrative. They came to the conclusion that this was carrying love for literature to an unpardonable excess. The gravest and wisest of them considered it a matter of conscience to wait upon the queen, and tell her the Goths thought the way after which she educated her son an extremely bad one. "No man," said they, "who is fond of letters can be brave, for they only make one mean and chicken-hearted. Our excellent lord Theodoric did not know how to write his own name, nor how to read it when another had done it for him ; and yet see how many nations he has conquered. He never let the Goths go to school, for he knew very well that he who is afraid of a switch, will never stand up against the lance and the sword. Send away those musty old Roman pedants, and let your son be accompanied with young warriors of his own age, and trained up to reign after the plain old fashion of the Goths." Though such pretensions were extremely annoying to Amalasunta, she was forced to yield to them for fear of exasperating her people too far. This condescension was the ruin of Atalaric. The young men with whom he began to associate drew him gradually into every vice, and rendered him deaf to the wise counsels of his mother. They even began to sow disaffection among the people, representing how unbecoming it was that a woman should be the chief of such a warlike nation as the Goths.

Things went so far that a conspiracy was formed

against the government, and even the life of the queen. But she was wide awake, and resolved to frustrate their plans of treason. She found out that the chief promoters of disloyalty were three personages filling places of great trust in the kingdom. With admirable precaution she sent them to military commands on opposite ends of the kingdom, under pretence that their valor alone could make the frontiers safe. This might have made them her friends, or at least put an end to their machinations. It was not so in fact, however, for they still continued to inflame the minds of the soldiers against the queen, keeping up by inflammatory letters their old connections, and plotting to deprive her of the regency and the tutorship of her son. Apprised of these proceedings, the proud-souled woman resolved to settle matters for ever between herself and these petulant opponents. She wrote letters to the Emperor Justinian, with whom she continued on terms of friendship, strengthened by the presents with which the adroit Amalasunta mollified the heart of the avaricious Greek. She mentioned that desiring some truce from the weighty cares of the administration, she meditated a little trip to Constantinople, and wished to know if she would be favorably received in case she should make her appearance in the imperial city. The answer was fully satisfactory.

She next secretly dispatched a vessel to Durazzo in Albania with a few of her most trusty ministers, forty thousand pounds of gold, and other objects of

rare value, with orders to await there her further pleasure. She then boldly ordered the three revolutionary leaders, who were now loud in their complaints against her, to be secretly, if it could be, summarily, at all hazards—put to death. Her satellites obeyed her orders, and no disturbance following which she could not control, the arrangements she had made to secure a retreat in case that this bold stroke should fail, were countermanded; and the trip to Constantinople put off to an indefinite period.

The next affliction the queen had to endure was on the part of her son. The graceless Atalaric, for whom she had undergone so many trials, passed his time in excesses of eating and drinking with his infamous companions, and in the foulest and most reckless debauchery. In vain did his fond and noble mother endeavor to reclaim him. Not a trace of his former virtue or docility remained, and at the age of seventeen he died a victim of disease, brought on by his own folly. Even this grievous misfortune, though it sorely afflicted, did not discourage Amalasunta. Her spirit and ambition remained unabated. She had thought first of resigning her power into the hands of the Greek Emperor, and retiring to Constantinople; but this hopeless design vanished with the momentary dejection which had suggested it. She resolved to hold fast the power she had wielded so far in her son's behalf, and boldly assumed the style and title of Queen of the Goths. Casting warily around in her examination of what elements

would be likely to favor or thwart her plans, she found only one serious obstacle in the way, for among the nation in general those who loved her did not oppose her, and those who loved her not, feared her too much to show serious opposition.

There was one man, Theodatus, the son of a sister of Theodoric, and consequently her cousin, whom Amalasunta found it hard to explain. He led then a retired life in Tuscany, but she was far too wary to trust him. He, like Boethius, and others at the court of Theodoric, had studied considerable literature and some philosophy. He was a patron of learning, and could read and write—qualifications which then by themselves alone made a man a good deal of a scholar. He was cautious and prudent, but was also believed to be a miser and a coward. On one occasion he had practised audacious extortions in Tuscany, and after warning him sufficiently, Amalasunta, with her usual thoroughness of manner, had him summoned to Ravenna, tried before a court, and compelled to make over to the rightful owners, with far less ceremony than dispatch, the ill-gotten treasures wherewith he had filled his coffers. This was the kind of man it now became necessary for her to make sure of. The manner in which she set about solving the problem was characteristic. She might have tried to buy or bribe him, but she had offended him, and this would not be easy. She might have had him removed by secret violence, or open aggression; but this would have

created suspicion, perhaps enmity in the whole kingdom against her. Amalasunta, moreover, though daring, was conscientious. She could hardly hope to intimidate him, for with full knowledge of her ambition, courage, and energy, he was now supposed to be plotting against her. Judging him to be a man of naturally mild disposition, whom disappointment only had soured, she resolved to gain him over by an act of unprecedented generosity. She made him an offer of partnership in her power, of the title of King of the Goths, and *the hand of their Queen!* By his acceptance of this splendid offer, she hoped that she would identify with her own the only interest that seemed at all likely to oppose it, while at the same time she felt confident that in simple fact all real power would remain in her own hands. Her reliance upon her diplomatic tact did not prevent her from binding Theodatus under a solemn oath to abide by the conditions upon which alone she wished him to assume the rank and style of sovereign. Never was man more falsely judged, or woman more sadly deceived. The queen ought to have known that a nature so quiet as that of Theodatus in a bad man, could not but serve as a smooth surface to conceal the foulness of envy, malice, and hatred, where such passions had been once excited, and nursed through long years of neglect. Amalasunta feared and mistrusted Theodatus, but she was noble and generous—Theodatus hated Amalasunta, and he was neither. As soon as

he came into power, the perfidious wretch unscrupulously broke every promise he had made, and remembered nothing in his benefactress but her former severe justice against his person.

With the blind fury of a vicious nature, long dormant, but suddenly roused to action by the stings of vengeance, hatred, and jealousy, he resolved and accomplished the downfall of the queen, with a brutality of violence which even she was unable to parry. Attacking first her outward defences, in a short period he caused all who were influential and her friends to be murdered. He had succeeded already in alienating the affections of the people; and to complete her misery and disappointment, he had her removed by sudden force from the brilliant theatre of her exploits to the little island of the Lake of Bolsena, which now bears her name.

Here was confined in bitter solitude the lion-like daughter of Theodoric, the first King of the Goths. Her complaints against the treachery of one whom she had raised from dishonorable obscurity to a royal throne, were answered only by the rippling of the waves of the lake against the rocky barriers of her prison. A terrible catastrophe still remained to consummate the misery of the unfortunate queen, and the celebrity of the island of blood which was to become her tomb. Theodatus had recourse to the groundless accusation of conjugal infidelity, to blast her reputation among the Goths; and that her death might be as cruel as ignominious, he empowered



those among the barbarian nobility who nurtured the oldest and most bitter feelings of revenge against her, to proceed to the island as the ministers of his wary and watchful justice. They fully understood the nature of their mission, and glutted their own revenge, while they calmed the apprehensions of the tyrant, by the horrid method of strangling the wretched princess in a bath.

The cruelty of Theodatus did not remain unpunished. The Emperor Justinian, either for the sake of a pretext to move against the Goths, or out of respect for the memory of the murdered Amalasunta, ordered the imperial army to march against Theodatus, under the far-famed commander Belisarius. The cowardly monarch, being unfit to defend the kingdom against so great a general, and the Goths seeing the danger resulting from his dastardly irresolution, put him to death, and elected another chief in his stead.

THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO

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## THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO

MERITANS have always for various reasons  
not and shown an interest in the little  
Republic of San Marino, but how know much more  
about it than its name and size. This sketch will  
give a brief account of it, and the statements  
which may be relied upon as true, for they are  
supported by the best authorities that could be  
obtained on the subject. The little city of San Marino  
is situated on the top of a high isolated mountain  
whose ancient name is Mont' Titano, and miles from  
the sea of the Adriatic Sea, to the south-east of  
the city of Rimini, and is surrounded on all sides by  
the mountains of the States of the Church, and  
called San Marino. The whole territory of the little  
Republic of San Marino does not exceed  
eight square miles, and its population is not  
more than twenty thousand souls. The  
highest point of the mountain of the Republic is  
called a Rocca, and who comes from the  
Latin word Rocca, which signifies a castle.

## THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

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AMERICANS have always, for obvious reasons, felt and shown an interest in the little Sister Republic of San Marino, but few know much more about it than its name and size. This sketch will give a brief account of it, and the statements it embodies may be relied upon as true, for they are supported by the best authorities that could be consulted on the subject. The little city of San Marino is situated on the top of a high isolated mountain, whose ancient name is Monte Titano, ten miles from the shore of the Adriatic Sea, to the south-east of the city of Rimini, and is surrounded on all sides by the province of the States of the Church commonly called Romagna. The whole territory of the Republic comprises at the present time not more than twenty-one square miles, and its population does not exceed seven thousand five hundred souls. The first inhabitant of the wild summit of the mountain was Marino, a stone-mason, who came from Dalmatia to Rimini some time after the middle of the fourth cen-

ture. He was a pious and intelligent man, and was ordained Deacon by Gaudentius, Bishop of Rimini, who found him useful in instructing the poor of his Diocese, and encouraging them to bear patiently the trials and persecutions to which they were exposed on account of their faith.

These persecutions drove Marino to seek an asylum among the desert rocks of the Titano, which he had visited probably in search of materials when exercising his craft as a mason. He hewed out for himself a house, and a bed in the rock, and cleared a little place for a garden. Soon, however, he was followed by others, attracted by the simple wisdom and the fervent piety of the holy man, and thus in time there were added to his rustic dwelling a hermitage and a little church. Among the names of his companions that of Leo, afterwards consecrated Bishop, has been preserved by tradition. A small Christian community was thus formed, and the innocence and quietness of its members, as well as the remoteness of its location, protected it from being molested. Marino educated his hardy followers in the love of peace, honesty, and liberty, and left them at his death many wise rules which have been handed down century after century to the present day. Thus an Ecclesiastic became the founder of the oldest commonwealth in the world. He was, and is still venerated as a saint, and churches were erected in honor of his name, and in commemoration of miracles performed through his intercession in

various parts of Italy. In the ancient prayer in his honor reported by the Bollandists, he is styled "Preacher of the Gospel and Founder of Liberty." But the noblest monument of his fame is the principal church of San Marino, on the front of which stands the inscription :

Divo Marino Patrono  
Et Libertatis Auctori  
D C P S.

"Dedicated to Saint Marino, their Patron, and Founder of their Liberty, by the Captains and People of San Marino."

The people who from him derive their name, and their unique free civil condition, love and venerate their Patron as devoutly at the present day as they did thirteen centuries ago. One of their earliest troubles was an attempt on the part of Astolpho, King of the Longobards, to steal the relics of their favorite saint, which he desired to present to the people of Pavia for a church they had erected in honor of Saint Marino's name. I shall not stop to treat the question whether the San Marinesi foiled the barbarian by stratagem, or whether he himself palmed off another body on the good people of Pavia as that of the Patron Saint of Liberty. I take sides with the Republicans against the Longobard King, and as Astolpho had notoriously broken faith with the Pope, I have no doubt he would have told

a lie to the people of Pavia or any other place if it suited his plans to do so.

The allusions to San Marino in history are for centuries few and far between. It is settled beyond a doubt, however, that the little community lived on, and was governed in a patriarchal manner by the Priests, who succeeded St. Marino in authority at his hermitage, and when it gradually assumed the form of a Monastery by the Monk who was its religious superior. We accordingly find in old chronicles honorable mention of a Monk named Basilicius, who was the great man at San Marino, and one of the early successors of its sainted founder. Again a legal document of the ninth century, preserved in the archives of the Republic, contains the decision of a lawsuit about some property between a Bishop of Rimini, and "Stephen, Priest and Abbot of the Monastery of San Marino, on Monte Titano," in which Stephen and our friends his mountaineers came off victorious. In the tenth century, the people of Italy first began to change their mode of living scattered about the country, and came to reside in places walled and fortified against the sudden inroads of barbarians, marauders, or unruly neighbors. The San Marinesi imitated their neighbors, and turned their aerial residence into a stronghold which now comes to be spoken of more frequently as *Castellum*, and not *Monasterium*, in mediæval chronicles.

In 951, they gave a brilliant proof of the hospi-



tality for which they have been ever deservedly renowned, and which more than once got them into trouble, for in that year they gave shelter to no less a personage than the Emperor Berengarius and some of his followers, defeated by the victorious arms of the Emperor Otho. A Bull of Pope Honorius II., dated 1126, confirms the Episcopal jurisdiction of Peter Bishop of Montefeltro, and names particularly as subject to his See the town and fortress of San Marino. In the thirteenth and fourteenth century the mountaineers added to their little town, some pieces of land bought from the Count Carpegna and the neighboring Abbey of St. Gregory, as appears in ancient documents still preserved in their archives.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the little republic saw its form of government copied all over Italy, every town, village, and hamlet electing Consuls, and an assembly of Senators in imitation of ancient Rome and Athens. Very little change was needed in San Marino, to square with the new order of ideas. The executive and judiciary business of the place was already attended to, by two or three persons known as magistrates, who now came to be styled Consuls, and the people had always exercised legislative functions through the heads of families who had been in the habit of meeting to decide upon all matters of more than common importance. We grieve to have to record the fact that in the thirteenth century civil war

raged in the mountain nest of Liberty, which we are so anxious to speak of only in terms of praise. This sad state of things was brought about by the vertigo which spread all over Italy during the fierce dissensions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. What is still worse the Republican mountaineers were on the side of the German despot, Frederic II., and opposed to the Guelph, or Pontifical party, which, badly as its followers often behaved, must nevertheless be regarded as the side which favored the national independence of Italy. Still there is much to be said in defence of the false step taken by the San Marinesi. They were drawn into the contest by their ancient friendship for the Counts of Montefeltro, who were Ghibellines, and still more by the arts of Ugolino, Bishop of Rimini, afterwards excommunicated by the Pope. Ugolino, and some of the warlike prelates who succeeded him, tried hard to get the town and suburbs of the Republic into their own hands, using the representatives of the Roman Court to effect their ambitious purpose. The mountain men, however, resisted all such attempts at encroachment, and suffered sore distress, and ecclesiastical censure in consequence. The Popes, however, when the merits of the case were made known to them, always ended by removing the interdict, and protecting the liberties of San Marino against the claims of the Bishops of Rimini, the rapacity of the neighboring Barons, and even the biassed decisions of the Papal Envoys themselves.

Philip, Archbishop of Ravenna, Legate of the Holy See, a great and good man, befriended the Republicans, and in January, 1252, held a meeting of the leaders of the two parties in the Church of San Marino, and published there the Truce of God, the conditions of which were solemnly agreed to by both factions, and as usual, broken and forgotten almost as soon as the ink was dry on the parchment upon which they had been recorded. The same poor success attended the exertions of Boniface, Philip's successor, to appease party spirit in Romagna. Honorable mention should be made here of the good Canon, Theodoric, vicar of the Rector or Papal Envoy in the same province. The worthy Canon called upon the people of San Marino to pay to him certain taxes which went to make up what was called his salary. The doughty Republicans refused this payment, stating bluntly that they never paid tribute of the kind to any one, not even the Pope or the Emperor. Theodoric called to his assistance a doctor learned in the law, named Palamedes, and having held a commission of inquiry in the territory of the republic, after due examination of its rights and the questioning of many witnesses, he decided that the men of San Marino were a free, independent commonwealth, and nobly withdrew all claims against them.

A further luminous proof of the recognised independence of the little Republic was given something after the same fashion in 1296. The demand

for payment of tribute came this time from the Podestà, or Governor of Montefeltro, and the San Marinesi appealed for justice to Pope Boniface VIII. The Pope treated our friends very handsomely. He appointed arbiters with power to act and decide in his name, "The discreet and wise man Master Ugucione di Vercelli, Canon-Subdeacon, Chaplain to His Holiness, and Judge of the Sacred Palace, and Teodorico, Pontifical Chamberlain," who finding it impossible to be on the spot, delegated their authority to the "religious man Master Rainieri, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Anastasius in the Diocese of Rimini."

The worthy Father Abbot called before him the representatives of the parties to the suit, and numerous witnesses to what had been the customs of the Republic in times gone by, and did not fail to examine carefully as a precedent in point the decision, which we have described as having been made by the vicar, the good Theodoric, whose justice and disinterestedness proved of great benefit to San Marino, for its cause this time also came out triumphant. The good Father Abbot was not satisfied with a meagre statement of facts, but put the intelligence of the hardy mountaineers to the test by asking many of the witnesses, what was meant by exemption from tribute, and by propounding the momentous question, "*Quid est libertas?*" what is liberty? In the official document drawn up on the occasion he gives us the answers he received from

many of them, which agreed with one another, and were very much to the point. One replied that he meant by liberty, "to be under subjection to no man;" another, "to be under vassalage to no one;" another, "to be subjected to no one by law;" still another, "to not be obliged to do that which is done by other men who are somebody's subjects;" and finally, a stout old son of the mountain gave this simple but expressive answer, worthy of a Christian philosopher, "*Hominem esse liberum, et habere suum, et de eo non teneri alicui nisi Domino Nostro Jesu Christo,*" i. e. "to be a freeman, and hold one's property without being accountable for it to anybody but our Lord Jesus Christ." This last witness testified under oath that he was seventy years old, and his name (which deserves to be preserved) was Martin Montecucco.

In the fourteenth century the Republic found time, in spite of its difficulties with its neighbors, to frame and adopt a new code of laws, and although its two chief magistrates still exercised the authority of Consuls, their name was changed to the more modern designation of Captains. A new Palace of the Commonwealth, or town-hall, was erected, and the Supreme Council of twelve citizens afterwards increased to sixty, and even eighty, there held stated meetings.

During the absence of the Popes in Avignon, their legates fell out more than once with the Republicans. Among these disagreements was a seri-

ous one under the administration of the celebrated Captain, the Cardinal Egidio or Giles Alborno. The fiery Spaniard seemed inclined to use high-handed measures with the mountaineers, but it is pleasant to state to his credit, that after some time all matters in dispute between them and him and his master the Pope, were amicably and satisfactorily adjusted. Under the pontificate of Innocent VI., about the year 1360, they had the further satisfaction of seeing their ancient liberties confirmed by two hereditary enemies, that is to say, a Podestà of Montefeltro, and a Bishop of Rimini. The civil official in this case was Giovanni Levalossi, and the clerical, Monsignor Peruzzi. More illustrious testimony still was rendered to their ancient worth and independence by Giberto da Corregio, Vicar of Romagna, and by the Cardinal Anglico, Bishop of Albano and Legate of the Holy See. In the instructions left by the latter to his successor in office, he states distinctly that "the people of San Marino had always been free, and administered their own laws with the acquiescence of the Church, and that they recognised no civil authority on the part of the Church herself, or her officials; and that they were, in short, their own masters, owing obedience to no external authority."

This passage was extracted from an old MS. in the Royal Library of Paris, by the learned Cardinal Stephen Borgia, and appears in full in the second volume of his *Annals of Benevento*. Cardinal Anglico was brother to Pope Urban V.

They were more than once troubled by traitors in the town, unworthy republicans, who engaged in conspiracies to sell the liberties and property of their home to some unscrupulous neighbor. The heads of the Republic made an example of one among these miscreants named Giacomo Pelizzano, whom they caused to be hung in the market-place in 1375. On a later occasion the Council of Government decreed that any republican discovered to have turned traitor, and caught conspiring against the freedom and just rights of his country, should be ignominiously dragged to execution, "at the donkey's tail" (*ad caudam asini*).

In 1396 they got into some litigation with Pope Boniface IX., but through the friendly offices of the Counts of Urbino, their ancient allies, now reconciled with the Roman court, the Pope yielded all claims affecting their cherished independence. We have mentioned that they were often placed in a position of serious difficulty, on account of the generous hospitality extended by them to all fugitives from the fierce persecutions, on the part of their opponents, so common during the civil wars of the Middle Ages. Indeed, at a somewhat later period, they were compelled to pass laws regulating the admission of strangers, especially if noble and aristocratic, into the precincts of their territory. They gave a very spirited answer to a powerful Count of the family of Malatesta of Rimini, with whom they were on temporary terms of friendship during the

exile of their old favorites the Ghibelline Counts of Montefeltro. Malatesta bitterly complained that they gave an asylum to many of the enemies of his house, and so brought their faith as trusty allies into warrantable suspicion. The San Marinesi told their warlike and powerful friend that "they would admit no enemy of the Malatesta into their strongholds and fortresses, for they had bound themselves not to do so, but that they would never consent to banish from the open portions of their territory any one who took refuge in their midst so long as he behaved himself decently." The Malatesta, be it recorded to his honor, showed no anger at the lesson thus taught him by the Republicans, nor did he seek to punish them for their fearlessness in teaching it.

Few facts occurred during the fifteenth century to interest a general reader. They had some internal disagreements about the election of Judges of appeal, an improvement on their old system of jurisprudence, but Pope Martin V. came to their relief, and kindly named judges for them, at their own request. Martin died in 1431.

More interesting is the account given by various writers of the interchange of civilities between them, and the noble and high-minded Enea Silvio Piccolomini, better known as Pope Pius II. The old factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines had dwindled down to insignificance at the time of this pontiff's reign, but Italy was scourged and exhaust-



ed by a quarrelsome brood of barons, counts, and signorotti, whom those great parties had left behind them, as heirs of their restlessness, bravery, and rapacity. Sigismondo Malatesta, tyrant or Governor of Rimini, was as hot-headed and unscrupulous as any of his fighting ancestors, and good Pope Pius had resolved, at any cost, to put an end to the disturbances he occasioned in the pontifical dominions. He wrote to the men of San Marino, reminding them of the cruelty and the ingratitude of the wicked Sigismondo, who had been at one time appointed Vicar or Governor in the name of the Holy See, and had used his power only to bring hatred upon his employer, and distraint the unfortunate district confided to his care. The San Marinesi had strong reasons of their own for disliking their turbulent neighbor Sigismondo, and were driven to unbounded rage against him by the specimen of his diabolical disposition which we are about to relate.

It so befel somewhere about a century previous to this time, say in 1360, that one Messer Giambattisti being nigh unto death, and sorry for his sins, made a will and left a generous donation to build up in honor of the Blessed Virgin a monastery of the order of Servites in a place called Valdragone, near the suburb or modern part of the town of San Marino. But the reader must know why this place was called Valdragone or the Valley of the Serpent. An old chronicle informs us that right in the place where the monastery was to be built, an enormous

snake made his appearance, devouring any number of men, women, and children, and so terrifying the rest that the monastery was never built for a whole century. Was this enormous reptile some real live monster from the caves of the neighboring Apennines, or was it the old enemy of all good works, the veritable ancient serpent, who so often stirs up unfaithful heirs and executors, and pettifogging lawyers, to neglect and defeat the intentions set forth by the pious in their last will and testament? We are unable to decide the matter, so we pass on to chronicle the advent to San Marino of that holy man Father Paul dei Spannocchi, a native of Sienna, who preached to the Republicans the Lent of 1441. The San Marinesi have always been fond of their church and their religion, and they were charmed with the unction and eloquence of Father Paul. They gave him the freedom of their city, and begged him to come to them again with such affectionate hospitality, that the worthy father promised to accept their invitation. They assured him that if he kept his word they would place means at his disposal for the carrying out of the intentions of old Giambattisti, and assist him in erecting the long-neglected Monastery in Valdragone. When the favorite preacher came back to the mountain, he exhibited before his delighted hearers a picture of Blessed Mary, with the Infant Saviour and the Holy Virgins and Martyrs Saint Catherine and Saint Barbara, painted, says the chronicle, "according to the

art of the Belgians," which probably means that it was an oil painting, something hitherto unseen in that neighborhood. Curiosity brought numbers to see this new and wonderful work of art; devotion drew still greater numbers to venerate it, and listen to the sermons of the eloquent religious. But that hardened wretch and daring freebooter, Sigismondo Malatesta, did not care about the fine arts, and never showed any inclination to piety until he received, as we shall see, the thrashing he richly deserved for his villanous practices. He began to suspect that some political purpose, hostile to himself, might be hidden under the piety that drew so many hard-fisted rustics together, and forbade all those subject to his command to attend the religious assemblies presided over by Father Paul. His orders being of course disregarded by the people, he determined to give vent to his anger, both against the preacher and the San Marinesi, for friars and republicans he hated alike. He, therefore, dispatched into the territory of the Republic a band of his most desperate bravos, who were ordered, under cover of darkness, to seize upon Father Paul and bring him dead or alive before their worthy chief at Rimini. These desperadoes accomplished their task, and speedily marched off with their prisoner. But getting entangled among thickets, rocks, and ravines, they strayed about all night, and when at daybreak they thought they were close upon Rimini, they found themselves near the point from which they

had started, and in full sight of a gigantic cross the good Father had erected as a rallying point for the faithful who came together to hear him preach. Filled with rage and disappointment, they became so infuriated that they now determined to accomplish the part they had omitted of the tyrant's commands. They threw a rope around the neck of their victim, and actually hung him up on the cross at the foot of which he was accustomed to preach. But the peasants were now astir, and the braves, terrified by the enormity of the crime they had committed, slunk away from the scene of murder. Who shall describe the grief of the mountaineers when they saw who it was that hung from an arm of the cross that had so often reminded them to say their morning prayers as they came down at sunrise to work in the vineyards and olive yards, at the base of the hill? Who shall depict their joy when, having cut him down with great devotion, they found that life was not extinct, and succeeded in restoring the good father to consciousness and health? Finally, what words can pen or tongue find to describe their rage against the sacrilegious Riminese marauders and their diabolical ringleader, Sigismondo! They turned out—the people of Urbino turned out, the Pope's men turned out; all fought like tigers, but none like the mountain men from San Marino, and in an incredibly short time the powerful tyrant of Romagna was completely beaten, knelt a mean suppliant at the feet of the Holy Fa-

ther, signed away all claims to the strong places he had usurped, and was glad, at length, to retire from the scorn of all Italy, and donning the cross to go and throw away the remnant of his ill-spent life, fighting against the Turks in Palestine.

So, then, Father Paul did not die a martyr. The Pope, well pleased with the bravery and religious fervor of the San Marinesi, gave them great honors and increase of territory, and there was a season of rejoicing on top of the Titan Mount such as had never been witnessed before, and the sermon that was preached surpassed all the former efforts in that line, even of our worthy friend Father Paul himself.

The sixteenth century opened in darkness and sorrow for the little mountain Republic. An evil eye was turned upon their strongholds, and an iron hand laid upon the very heart of their ancient liberties. The province of Romagna was now overrun by a tyrant more brave, more vast in his ambition, and probably more cruel and vile than any of his wicked predecessors—we mean the Duke of Valentino, Cæsar Borgia. The San Marinesi were so terrified at the approach and the threats of this fierce invader, that having hastily assembled in council, they resolved to send an embassy to the Republic of Venice, imploring them for protection, showing in touching terms how much sympathy the little Republic was entitled to on the part of the Government which of all other Italian Commonwealths it

most resembled, and offering to yield up everything except the merest vestige of their ancient popular freedom, if the Lion of St. Mark would come to their relief in the appalling distress which now hung over them. They begged the Senate of Venice to send somebody to them to rule over them in republican form, and promised to obey faithfully, and submit to anything rather than crouch to the hated Borgian slavery with which they were threatened. The elegant Venetian historian, Cardinal Bembo, tells us that "the Fathers did not deem it fitting on their part to receive the offer" made by their little Sister Republic. We should be pleased to read any good reason why they refused to do so under circumstances so awful. It is certain that the Merchant Princes did selfishly refuse to come to the assistance of San Marino, and that Providence did not desert the latter in their sore necessity, for after their city had been occupied for a few months by the followers of the Borgia, they had the satisfaction of turning them out neck and heels from their elevated strongholds, and of assisting the neighboring princes to belabor them and their master soundly on the plains beneath. During this campaign it was that the San Marino leaders wrote up to the Magistracy to send them the flag of the Republic, for their men would fight the Borgia much better under that than under the ensign of any power foreign to their Republic.

Cæsar died, and his Father Pope Alexander VI.,

died, and his successor Pope Pius III. also died after having been Pope for only twenty-six days. We are glad to be able to say that the warlike Pontiff who succeeded Pius III., the protector of freedom, learning, and the arts, the friend of Michael Angelo and Raphael, Pope Julius II., was an ally good and true to our friends of San Marino. He was elected in 1503, and during one of his earliest expeditions he visited San Marino in person, and received there a plain Republican reception, but so honest and affectionate that according to his historian and friend, the learned and accomplished Cardinal Hadrian, His Holiness went away pleased, nay, delighted. He had declared to the Sacred College of Cardinals that Providence had made him Pope to be the destroyer of tyrants, and assuredly some providential man with a vocation of this sort, was much needed in Italy when he became its most powerful Ruler. A born enemy of tyrants could not but be the friend of our Mountaineer Republicans, and Julius was generous and true to them during the whole of his eventful Pontificate. Pandolfo Malatesta, fully as wicked as his uncle Sigismondo, and far meaner even than he, ended his ignoble career by selling the City of Rimini to the Republic of Venice. About the same time Guidubaldo last Duke of Urbino died, and in him ended the illustrious and ancient family of the Montefeltri always so just, so generous, so kind towards their neighbors of San Marino. The Pope was angry, the Republicans

frightened. The successor of Guidubaldo in the Duchy of Urbino was Francesco Maria della Rovere, son of Johanna of Montefeltro who had married the nephew of Pope Sixtus IV. He promised that he would imitate the friendship for San Marino of the Counts of Montefeltro from whom he partially descended, and he kept his word. Julius on the other hand bade them fear nothing of their new neighbors, the Venetians, for they were not hostile to the Holy See, "and," continued the good Pope in the off-hand manner characteristic of the official papers of his Pontificate, "if they should be hostile, the Holy See is strong enough not to fear them, and amply able to take care of itself, and stand by its friends." "You have always been free," he went on to say, "and remember, that there is nothing sweeter than Liberty, and the protection of the Church, which you have always enjoyed, and enjoy now, and which we promise you shall continue to enjoy for the future." The paper in which these friendly sentiments were recorded, was a precious boon to our Republicans, and when Julius finally died, they regretted his loss, for he had nobly and publicly confirmed their liberty and independence, and given them credit for honesty and patriotism to which they were fairly entitled. A beautiful letter was written about these times to the nephew of the Pope, the new Duke of Urbino, by the Chiefs of the Republic. He had called upon them to take possession of the persons, the women, and children, and



the property of certain refugees from Rimini, who had sought an asylum in the territory of San Marino. Their answer assumed the form of a moral lecture. They showed him how unworthy it was on his part to seek to destroy the neutral position of his Republican friends, who had only sheltered and protected the weak and unfortunate, and ended by saying that the citizens of San Marino would rather *all die* than prove recreant to the faith they had given from no other motive than kindness of heart towards those in distress. The Duke was not only not offended at this specimen of Republican honesty, but desisted from all further demands on the subject.

The Republic was on friendly terms with the great and powerful family of the Medici of Florence, who next appear upon the ever varying scene of Italian politics. Leo X., and the Duke Lorenzo, and Clement VII., treated the San Marinesi with distinction, and the San Marinesi used their influence to obtain forgiveness for the people of the neighboring town of St. Leo who had happened to find themselves in the party opposed to Medicean views. Under Pope Urban VIII., the Montefeltro family came to a final extinction, their Estates became the property of the Church, whose dominions now surrounded the territory of San Marino on every side, and the Church therefore became their sole neighbor and protector. Pope Urban very handsomely confirmed their Republican liberties, and encouraged the people to imitate the honest and simple virtues

of their ancestors, and Paul III. pronounced a sentence of excommunication against any person, even his own officials, who should attempt to destroy their ancient independence. After the extinction of old-fashioned forays and civil wars much apathy in regard to the well-being of their city had crept in, no one seemed to care how or by whom public offices of trust and honor were administered, and the periodical assemblies were thinly and listlessly attended. This oscitancy, so fatal to the Republican form of Government, even increased as the citizens grew wealthier by the exercise of the peaceful arts which were now their only occupation.

A noted historical character appeared in the early part of the eighteenth century to rouse the slumbering Republicans from their apathy by a daring attempt to crush their independence at a single blow. This bold aggressor was the celebrated Cardinal Alberoni. Born in the Duchy of Parma in 1664, where his father was a gardener, he too cultivated the soil until his fourteenth year, after which time he thought he had made his fortune by being promoted to the post of bell-ringer in the Cathedral of Piacenza. In course of time, he became the most extensive political intriguer in Europe, and Prime Minister of Philip V. of Spain. England and France were allied against him in favor of Austria, from which he succeeded in separating Sardinia and Sicily. He espoused the cause of the Pretender, and drew Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden

into his plots not only, but was actually in league with the Sultan, whom he wished to embroil in a war with the Emperor. France and England declared war against Spain in 1718, and only made peace on condition that Alberoni should be dismissed. On the eve of accomplishing his gigantic schemes, he was disgraced and went to Genoa, where Pope Innocent XIII., who saw through him and despised him, had him arrested and brought to trial before his brethren of the Sacred College. He was no doubt the first Cardinal who had ever invited the Turks to come and shed Christian blood, and being found guilty on this charge, he was placed in a house of the Jesuit Fathers, in Rome, there to do penance for his sins of ambition. But his restless spirit could not brook the peacefulness and uniformity of such a life. Frederic the Great of Prussia, speaking of Alberoni in his *Mémoires de Brandebourg*, says that "Inaction is death for the ambitious, and Alberoni would have wished for two worlds so as to have the melancholy satisfaction of turning them upside down." Who could be a better judge in such matters than Frederic himself? In an evil hour Alberoni succeeded in getting himself appointed Legate of Romagna under Clement XII., a good and amiable sovereign, but far advanced in years. San Marino was chosen by the Cardinal as the subject of his intrigues and violence. He manœuvred things in Rome so as to get the necessary power, and plotted and planned in Romagna so as to draw the Republic

into his snares. He then managed to get into the city, and after many strokes of policy—long to describe—some bold and some wary, he finally drew the magistrates together in the Parish Church, and with great pomp and solemnity called upon them before the altar to swear away the freedom of their native city, and bind themselves in vassalage to him and the Pope for ever. This happened on the 24th of October, 1739. Some he had gained over already, the others he hoped to overawe and take by surprise, and in case of renitency, the Church was surrounded by his followers. Two of the Magistrates shamefully registered the required oath. Next the Captain Giangi stood before the Cardinal and spoke fearlessly as follows: “On the first day of October I swore fidelity to my only lawful master, viz. the Republic of San Marino; that oath I now repeat, and swear to keep inviolate.” Girolamo Gozzi repeated nearly the same words. Giuseppe Onofrii in his turn taking for his text the words of our Saviour, “Let this Chalice pass away from me,” gave the Cardinal what is called familiarly a piece of his mind, and pointing to the image of Saint Marino, the founder and father of their liberty, he protested that he would not insult their holy protector in his own church, but would cry for ever—“Long live Saint Marino, long live freedom!” “*Viva San Marino, viva la libertà!*”

The deacon assisting at mass took up these words in a fit of patriotic enthusiasm, and his loud voice

rang over the heads of the crowd, and along the vaulted roof of the ancient church.

The foiled despot broke forth in a fit of uncontrollable rage, and berated the Republicans, making use of the coarsest language. The divine offices were irreverently hurried through, and he retired to his house ordering arrests and confiscations without number. His measures of revenge were cut short, however, by the paternal interposition of Pope Clement, who superseded the incorrigible Alberoni, and sent to San Marino the prelate, afterwards Cardinal Henriquez, who won all hearts by his justice, dignity, and amiable manners. He assisted the San Marinesi in providing a remedy for the disorders caused by his predecessor, and gave all classes of the citizens a fair opportunity to bear witness publicly to the freedom they had always enjoyed and cherished as their fathers before them. Venerable priests, cloistered monks, and friars and holy nuns, as well as the people, all uttered sentiments similar to those spoken forth by their magistrate in the church, and the good envoy, Henriquez, on the Feast of St. Agatha, February 5, made a solemn and public declaration, in the name of Pope Clement, that the Republican government was legitimately rehabilitated in all its powers and functions so to remain in force for ever. The joy and gratitude of the people are described as having been most beautiful and touching. Many shed tears of noble emotion, and the Republic solemnly decreed that a monument,

crowned by a marble statue, should be erected in honor of Pope Clement, and that the anniversary of this great day should be celebrated for ever after. The monument still exists, and the anniversary continues even now to be observed every year with great solemnity and religious devotion. Alberoni was removed from the Romagna and sent to Bologna, by Pope Benedict XIV. The danger through which the Republic had passed served to reawaken the patriotism of its citizens, and to put an end to the internal dissensions which had more than once weakened the little state and jeopardized its freedom. The place consequently rose in general favor and esteem, and increased in material prosperity.

Before concluding this sketch, another visit to the Republic remains to be put on record. The 12th of February, 1797, citizen Monge, of the French Republic, appeared on the heights of the Titan, bearing despatches from General Bonaparte, Commander-in-Chief of the army in Italy, then quartered with his division at Pesaro. The citizen from France addressed the citizens of San Marino in a neat and eloquent speech, assuring them of the fraternity and friendship of the French Republic, and of the high consideration in which they were held by Bonaparte himself. The answer was equally eloquent and satisfactory. Citizen Monge retired from the territory of the Republic with high honors, and Bonaparte wrote to assure its magistrates of the great pleasure afforded him by the accounts he had received from citizen

Monge of them and their interesting little commonwealth. He begged them to accept a donation of wheat to help them along until the harvest, and of four pieces of cannon which he presented to them in the name of the French Republic. A letter was written to thank the General for his kindness and condescension, his gifts were accepted in pretty terms of acknowledgment, the cannons never came to hand, and so ended the fraternization between the two Republics.

The last public document the present writer has seen from San Marino bears date March 23d, 1848. It is complimentary to Pope Pius IX. on the amnesty granted to political offenders, and the improvements introduced in the administration of the Pontifical States. The Captains of the Republic call upon the people to celebrate these happy events in the old Christian form of the Republic, that is by meeting first in the church of the Holy Founder and protector of their liberty, to thank God for all his good gifts, and then by distributing alms among the poorer families, "so that all without exception may be able to take part in the general exultation."

Such is a brief outline of the eventful history of the little mountain Republic of San Marino, the oldest free government in the world. They still continue to stamp their coin with the word *Libertas*, and to love their founder and patron, in whose church and before whose altar the election of the Captains takes place, as in ages long gone by.

Their history is highly honorable to the long line of Popes with whom they had dealings, sometimes in friendship, and sometimes in open hostility. If the San Marinesi refused to listen to the Pontifical voice, when it seemed to be unjust to their liberties, still they have always been a devout and religious people, and never failed to make peace with Rome at the very earliest opportunity; and no injustice was ever done them by any Pope which was not atoned for as soon as he received a fair statement of their grievances, or which, if his death intervened, was not promptly and generously repaired by his successor on the pontifical throne.





THE MARQUESS OF LANSDALE

[illegible]

## THE MARQUIS OF TUSCANY.

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FLORENCE, in olden times was not the beautiful city which she became under the fostering care of the lavish and splendid Medici, nor was the valley of the Arno always a smiling field of olives, vines, oranges, and flowers, studded here and there with gorgeous villas and elegant casinos. The environs of Florence, now so beautiful and so populous, were covered with thick and tangled wild-wood in the days when our story begins. The light of the sun as it fell upon the silent soil, was broken and chequered by the branches of a primeval forest, and the huntsman often dismounted and warily led his steed through briery copsewood, or across marshy meadowland, traversed only by narrow and straggling paths. Along one of these rustic avenues, somewhat broader and straighter than the rest, a nobleman rode slowly one sultry summer afternoon. He had followed the chase, which was his favorite pastime, through the wilds of Valdarno for several hours, until panting from the heat of the season,

weary of exertion, and parched with thirst, he paced gently along in the hope of hearing a grateful promise of refreshment in the song of some lonely cottager, or the bubbling sound of a mountain rill. The noble mien and lofty bearing of the cavalier would have led to the conclusion that he was a person of rank and consequence, nor did his distinguished appearance belie him, for he was the Marquis Hugo, Lord of Florence and its Seignory. He was led onward, on the occasion we speak of, without being himself aware of the fact, by a heavenly guide. Wholesome warning was much needed by the erring prince for his own good and for the good of his vassals; and he was on that day to receive it.

The Marquis was a grandson of the renowned Hugo of Provence, second King of Italy after the downfall of the Emperor Berengarius. He was a powerful chief, a gallant soldier, and during the early part of his career he delighted in the practice of every virtue becoming a Christian prince. The teachings and examples of a pious mother, to whom he was fondly attached, had impressed themselves at an early age upon his generous and feeling heart, and none more so than her often repeated injunction that he should ever be faithful in his devotion to Mary. Deeply and sincerely did the young prince mourn his bereavement when his affectionate parent was called from the scenes of her virtuous life upon earth to receive a well earned crown in heaven.

His loss was even greater than the young nobleman fairly understood it to be. For when the gentle voice of his mother had ceased to breathe the timely warnings which had hitherto guided his steps, he began little by little to swerve from the straight path along which duty is present and certain at every point, while happiness may be reached only at the journey's end.

Hugo changed rapidly, and for the worse. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature ! although he soon neglected and forgot the counsels of his mother concerning the fulfilment of the ordinary practices of Christian virtue, he cherished what was most pure and refined in the course she wished him to pursue, namely : love and devotion towards the queen of angels and virgins. The daily increase of influence and power, the noisy occupations of mediæval warfare, and the society of worthless associates, depraved the young prince to such a degree that nothing was left save veneration for her name, and the practice of certain devotions in her honor, to distinguish him from the crowd of ruthless and corrupt chieftains who lorded it over Italy at the time in which he lived. He became a heartless oppressor of his people, and the excesses of his private life were the scandal of all who had access to the court. Such was the conduct of the noble Marquis, who professed tender devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, and who now rode along through the forests of Valdarno, cursing the heat of the

season, and the thirst which parched his lips after the labors of the chase.

Suddenly and unexpectedly a person met him on his way, and what was his delight when he perceived that it was a woman, bearing in her hands a salver of the freshest and most delicious fruits. It was a little mound of autumnal treasures, such as Domenichino or Carracci loved to paint to the life, and such as the traveller beholds in the banquet halls of Italian villas, as he gazes with astonishment at a counterfeit that stands forth from the canvas more real than reality, more natural than nature itself. Piled up before the eyes of the prince, dying of thirst, there were slices of fresh watermelon, large ripe figs, mellow apples, juicy pomegranates, luscious pears, and downy peaches, crowned and festooned with heavy bunches of blue and amber-colored grapes, bursting with very ripeness. Eagerly did he stretch forth his glowing hand to this rich treasure, for which he would have paid its weight in gold ;— but how great was his annoyance when he perceived that these tempting fruits were all besmeared with filth. He withdrew his hand: Yet burning thirst is not apt to be delicate and fastidious. Again he plunged his hand among the little mountain of fruits, but it emitted such a nauseous odor that he hastily drew back again and turned his head, overcome by a sense of sickening disgust that well-nigh caused him to faint. He now gazed upon the bearer of this strange burden, so tempting to the sight and so

repulsive to the smell. She was a comely matron of august mien and majestic bearing, and the salver she bore in her hands seemed to the astonished nobleman to be made of burnished gold. Before he could give utterance to his surprise or demand an explanation, a steady and searching gaze was bent upon him, and he thrilled with awe at the words of reproof which fell upon his ear: "*Thou seest in these fruits an emblem of the devotion thou claimest to hold so dear. It is indeed beautiful and good in itself, but so defiled by thy wicked life as to be unworthy of acceptance in the sight of heaven.*" Such was the warning given Hugo when he had declined to partake of the fruit, after which the vision disappeared from his sight and he found himself alone in the forest.

The mildness of the rebuke he had miraculously received went to the very soul of the young prince, and overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He thought of the peace and happiness of his innocent boyhood—he remembered the gentle tones of his mother's voice—he thought of the promises made so often that he would be a faithful servant of Blessed Mary, the Mother of Holy Purity. Then rose up before him the extravagance and dissipation, the heartlessness and unchastity of the life he had been leading of late with his roystering comrades, and he shed tears of grief and bitter self-reproach. He promised speedy amendment—he purposed and he planned—and turned his horse's head towards

the gates of Florence, with the full conviction that the morrow would find him a new man. Such were the resolves of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, as he reached his palace on the evening of that eventful day; but, alas for poor human nature! they were not destined to be honored in the observance. The old chronicle tells us that the young prince purposed reform indeed, but that he did not comply with his duties, nor fortify himself with the aids of grace, and that what was still worse, he failed to avoid the occasions which had already proved so fatal to his virtue. A few taunts and jeers from his youthful associates soon banished all traces of serious thought from his brow, a few merry bouts drowned all recollection of the vision in the forest, and the mild rebuke with which it was accompanied. Hugo soon became as stout a wassailer and as noisy a rioter as the best, or rather the worst of them—to use a still more forcible comparison, he shortly became as wicked a scape-grace as he had been before. A new reprimand was needed to recall him to his senses, which were now the very reverse of sober, a reprimand he should not so easily forget—and it came.

The game-keepers of the Marquis had come upon the trail of a wild-boar, in the woods that skirted the foot of Mount Senario, and swept up its bold and rocky sides, and all the court had turned out in high spirits to enjoy the sport and give chase to the formidable savage. None of the princely cavalcade was more eager in pursuit that day than the bold and ad-



venturous young Marquis, but when a view was finally got of the chase, he grew wild with excitement, and hung upon the rear of the flying enemy with such ardor that he followed him into the most wild and dreary fastnesses of the mountain. Here at length he paused and reined in his steed, which was covered with foam and panting with fatigue. He became aware that he had distanced his retinue, and sought vainly around to discover even one of his straggling attendants. The atmosphere, which had been sultry and moist, had grown close and dark, portending the gathering of a storm. All was still as death in the gloomy forest; then as the prince looked up at the clouds, stretched like a mass of black marble overhead, a few thick heavy drops pattered on the leaves of the trees, and even dashed upon his face and hands. Anon were heard the first hoarse rumblings of thunder struggling to break forth from its dungeon. Then came a loud crash like the bursting of an earthquake—the mountain seemed to tremble on its base; the oaks tossed their giant branches in the fury of the blast; the tall pines rocked wildly to and fro; weird glimmering lightning lit up the trees and rocks with a lurid blaze, then all was dark again, and finally down poured the rain in heavy torrents, deluging the whole scene, gathering and gurgling from rock and gully, and foaming madly in yellow cascades down the steep sides of the mountain.

The brave prince, though he was no stranger to Alpine thunder-storms, thought he had never seen

one so furiously violent as this. Nothing makes a coward, even of a brave man, so quick as to be suddenly drenched with cold water from head to foot, and he looked wildly around for some place of shelter. He discovered at length the outlet of a cavern in the rock, and thither he spurred his jaded and terrified steed. The Prince dismounted and entered, leading his horse under the brow of the overhanging rock, when a spectacle met his view which transfixed him with terror to the spot. The sides and summit of a wide and deep cavern were filled with black volumes of smoke, in the centre of which blazed and labored a fiery forge, looking like a picture of hell with midnight for its frame. In front of the forge rose a large anvil, and around it stood several swarthy half-naked figures, whose fiendish eyes and grinning teeth were lit up by the red glare that shot from the mouth of the furnace. These Satanic smiths were busy in drawing forth from the fire and pounding with heavy blows on the anvil, not bars of iron or steel, but arms, heads, hearts, and other portions of human bodies. . . . The Marquis gazed with fear and horror on the appalling scene; but the thought struck him that the monsters before him must be necromancers, who had retired to these wilds in order to practise, unwhipt of justice, the abominable orgies of their craft. For this class of malefactors he had always entertained a feeling of indignant aversion. With the courage which formed a remarkable trait in his character, he lifted up his

voice, rating them in no measured terms, and threatening them with the severest penalties for their crimes. He had not yet ceased speaking, when one of the ugly caitiffs drew near to the mouth of the cave and cut short his address by saying fiercely: "Not so fast, good sir, an it please you. -We are not the wizards you take us for, but ministers of Divine justice, who punish in the manner you behold a number of lewd varlets consigned to our hands. All we wait for now is one Hugo, Signor of the surrounding country, who, if we fasten our grip upon him, will pay well for his lecheries on your anvil." Never, in his happiest days, had the poor Marquis invoked the Blessed Virgin so devoutly as he did at that moment. Detesting his bad life and promising to do penance, firmly enough this time, he prayed to God to save him from the fiery demons before him. He blessed himself devoutly, and at the sign of the cross they vanished.

Hugo left the cave a far different man from what he was when he entered it. He discovered close at hand a little hermitage, the tenant of which was a man of God, named Eugenius. He spent the whole night with this venerable recluse in discourse touching his conversion, and the acts of virtue he proposed to perform. In the morning he returned to the city, and going to Eustace, Archbishop of Florence, he gave him a full account of his wonderful adventure. He set about repairing the scandals he had given, by a public example of penance and

humiliation. On a solemn festival he proceeded to the great church of the Duomo, accompanied by Eustace and the Archbishop of Ravenna, Legate of the Holy See, to make a public confession of his errors. With tears in his eyes he repeated continually to the crowd of people through which he passed, "Hugo will be Hugo no longer. Ugo non sarà più Ugo—Ugo non sarà più Ugo."

History bears witness that he was true to his promise. Although one of the most warlike barons of his day, he avoided the brawls in which his neighbors were unceasingly engaged, nor do we know that he unsheathed the sword, unless for the protection of the innocent, or the punishment of bandits and evil-doers. He built several monasteries, and among them the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Santa Maria in Florence, and was so much beloved by his subjects for his justice and moderation, that they honored him with the surname of "l'Ottimo," or "The Excellent."

The history of his miraculous conversion has been handed down by tradition, and is often repeated among the people of Italy even at the present day. Their childlike devotion and beautiful taste has led them to dedicate the month of May, the sweet season of sunbeams, zephyrs, and flowers, to the special honor of "La Madonna Santissima," the mother of the Saviour, the queen of Purity and Love. Often during that lovely month, when the "Padre Direttore" instructs his youthful flock, whom he affection-

ately addresses as "children of Mary," he tells them that no devotion is grateful to their gentle patroness unless it be accompanied with the practice of true Christian virtue; and on such occasions he is heard not unfrequently to illustrate the truth of his assertion by quoting the legend of Hugo Marquis of Tuscany.

THE END.



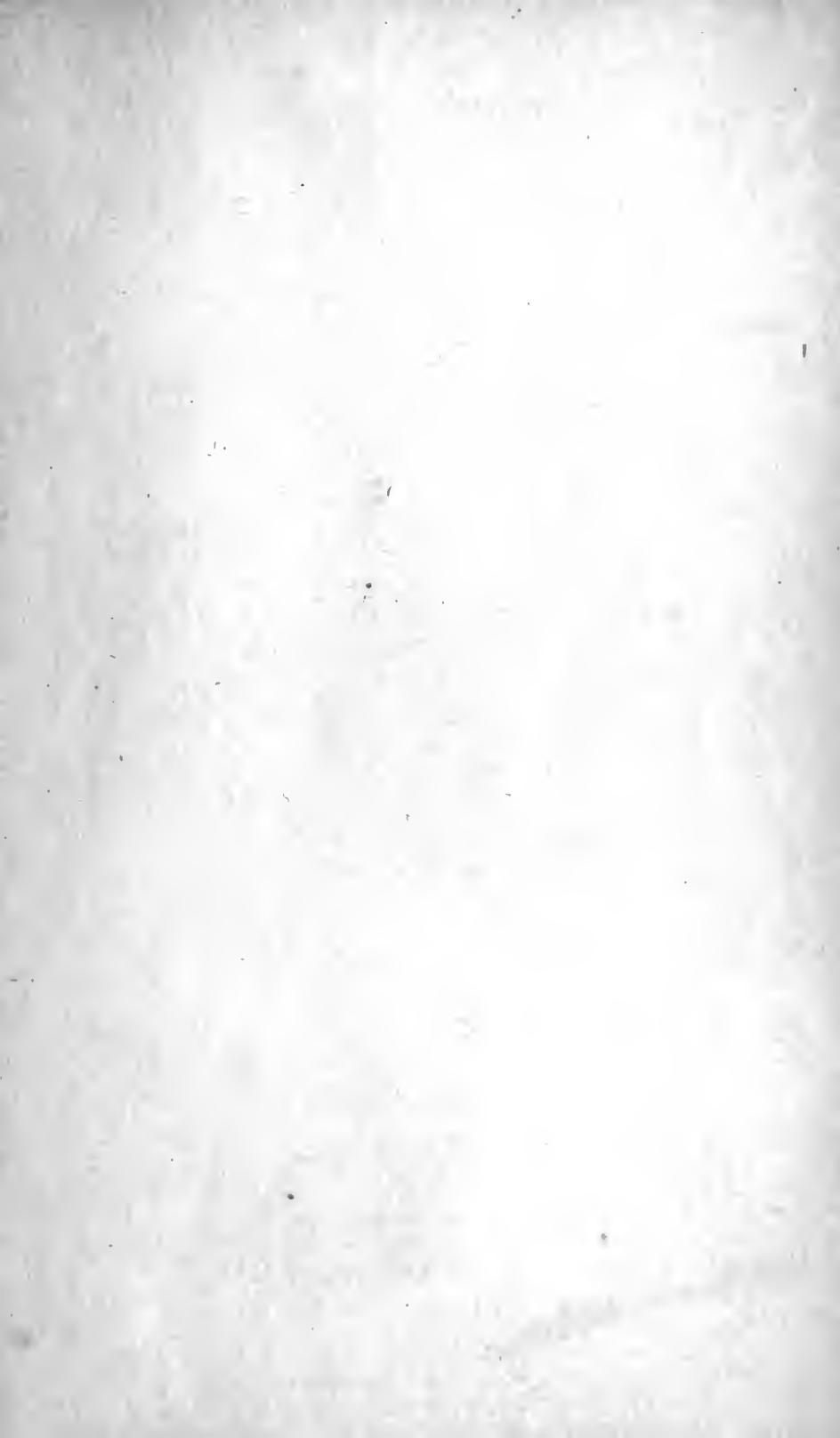


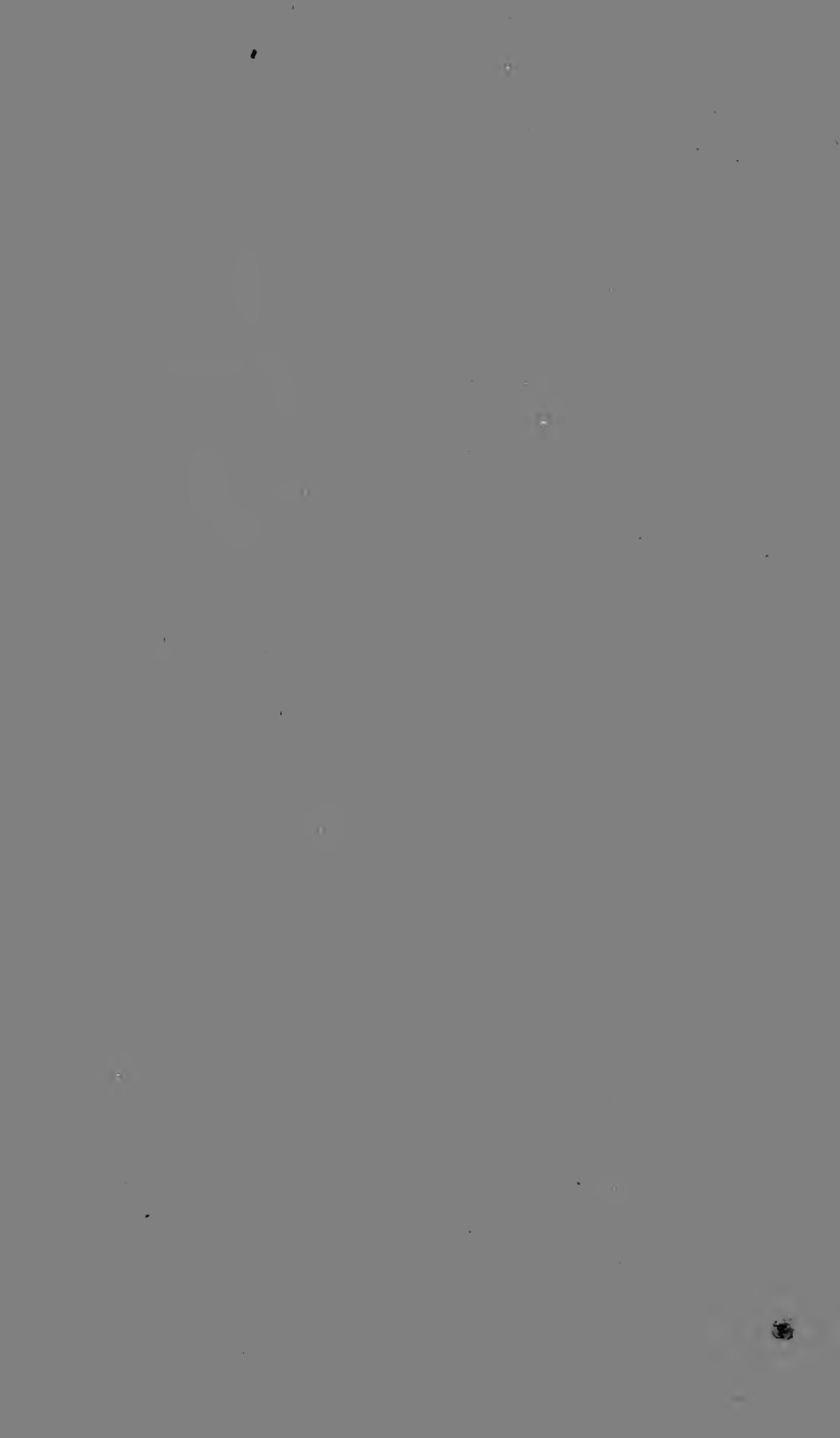


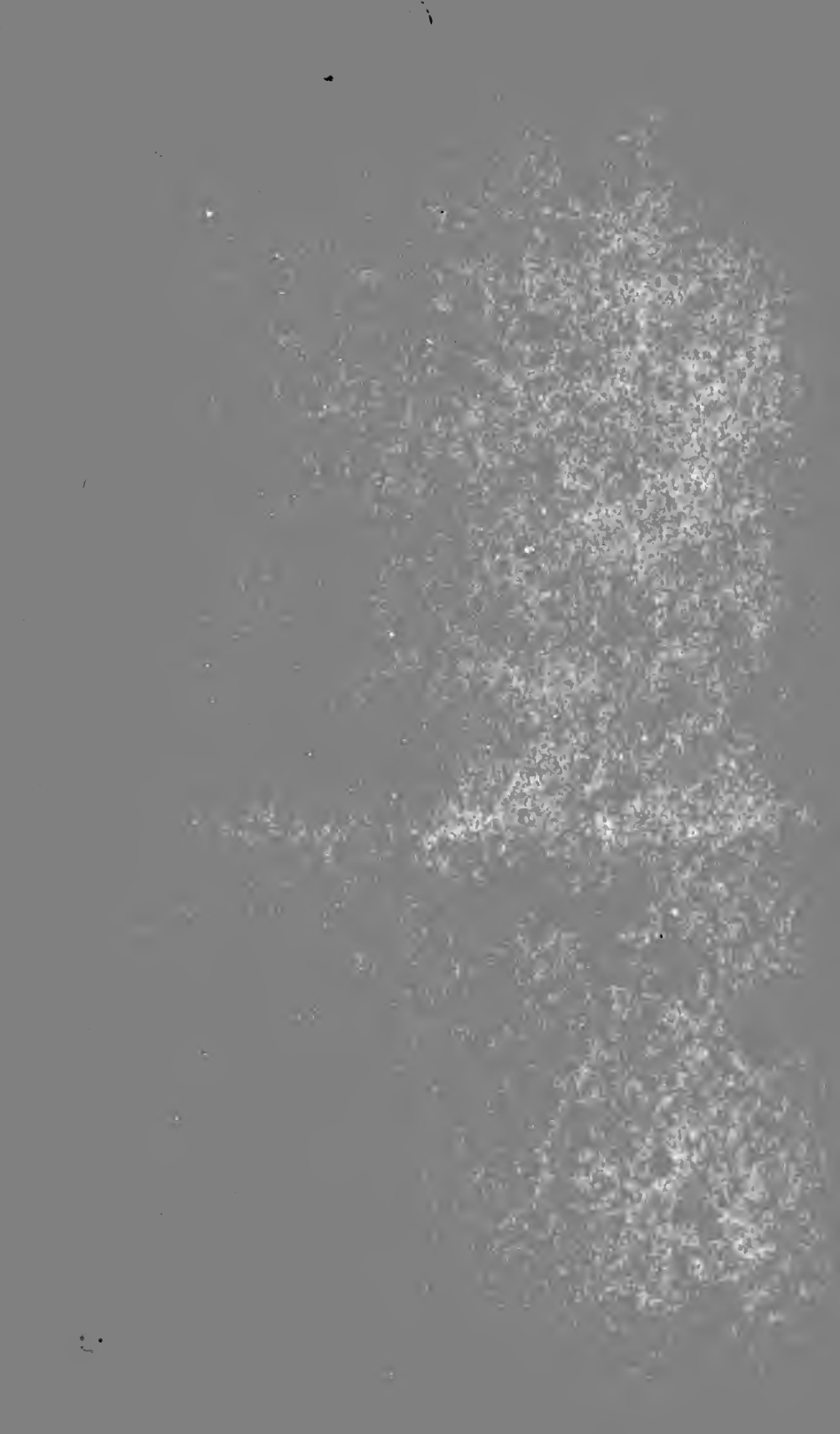












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